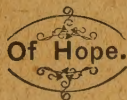


For Pardon, Peace, Power and Perfect Love.



SAPPHIRE



SONGS

BY

REV. JOSEPH WARDLE, B. D.

Of Rock River Conference.

Meet me in Heaven.

Published for Author by

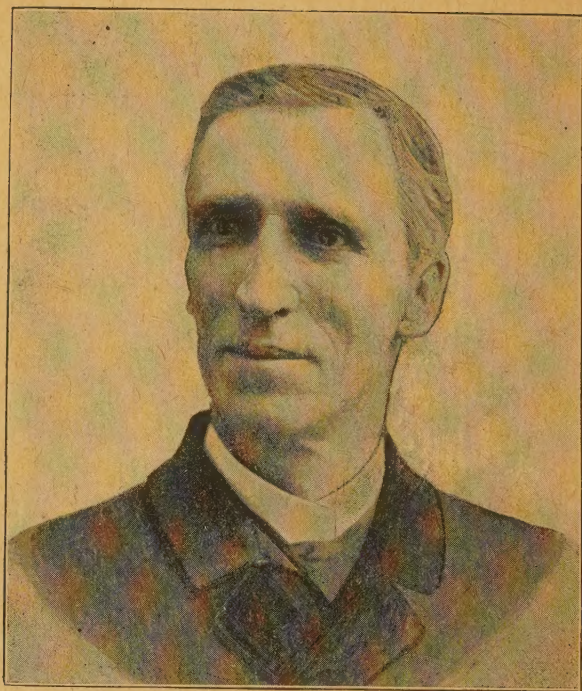
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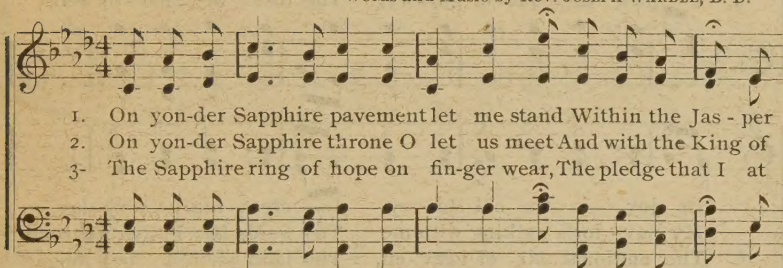
Yours for heaven
Joseph Wardle
Rock River Conference

SAPPHIRE SONGS.

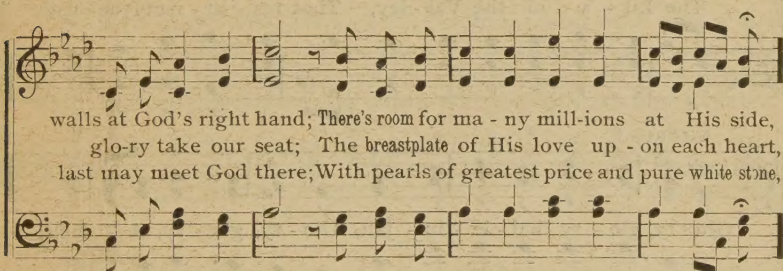
SAPPHIRE PAVEMENT.

1st verse, Ex.'24:10; 2d verse, Ezk.1:26.

Words and Music by REV. JOSEPH WARDLE, B. D.

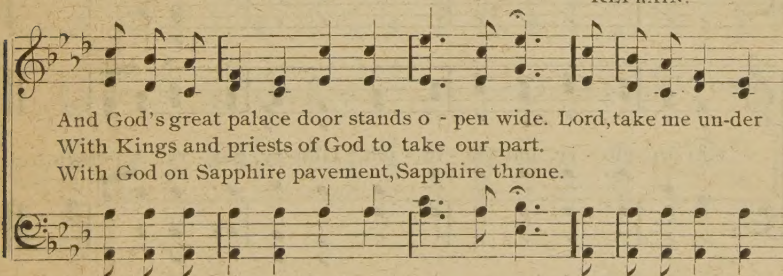


1. On yon-der Sapphire pavement let me stand Within the Jas - per
2. On yon-der Sapphire throne O let us meet And with the King of
3- The Sapphire ring of hope on fin-ger wear, The pledge that I at

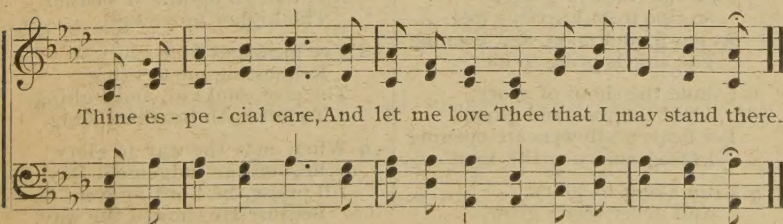


walls at God's right hand; There's room for ma - ny mill-ions at His side,
glo-ry take our seat; The breastplate of His love up - on each heart,
last may meet God there; With pearls of greatest price and pure white stone,

REFRAIN.



And God's great palace door stands o - pen wide. Lord, take me un-der
With Kings and priests of God to take our part.
With God on Sapphire pavement, Sapphire throne.



Thine es - pe - cial care, And let me love Thee that I may stand there.

I'VE FOUND THE ROAD TO GLORY.

Words and Music by Rev. JOSEPH WARDLE, B. D.

1. I've found the road to glo - ry, The high and heav-'nly way;
 2. I love the road to glo - ry Be - cause I'm not a - lone,
 3. A - long the road to glo - ry, I sing the pil-grim's song,
 4. I pick the buds of glo - ry, The rose of Shar - on red,

Its joy is the old sto - ry, In - creas - ing ev - 'ry day.
 My Sav - ior's walking with me To - wards His Father's throne.
 The na - tional air of heav - en, The land where I be - long.
 The Lil - y of the Val - ley, That res - ur - rects the dead.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah, Glo - ry, glo - ry, A - men;

Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah, Glo - ry, glo - ry, A - men.

- 5 I eat the fruits of glory,
 So ripe from heaven's tree.
 At morn, and noon, and evening
 The angels bring to me
- 6 I shout the shout of glory,
 Amid the pain and gloom,
 For heaven's flowers are opening
 In fragrance o'er the tomb.
- 7 I run along to glory,
 And never weary grow,

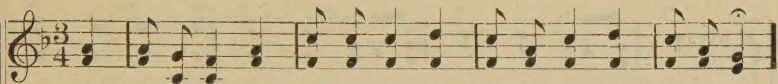
And though up hill, it's easier
 The higher up you go.

- 8 I've messages from glory
 Requesting me to bring
 The poor, and sad, and sighing,
 To live with heaven's King.
- 9 When ends the way to glory
 Beyond the Judgement Day,
 I'll praise the Lord forever,
 Because He showed the way.

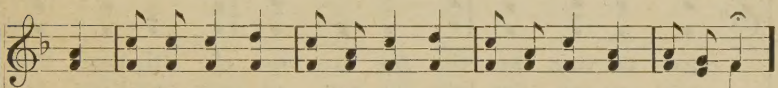
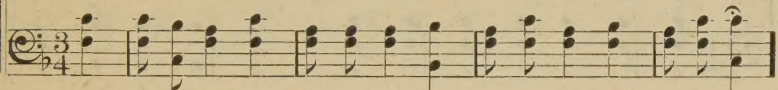
GOD'S CARE.

3

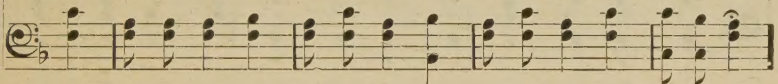
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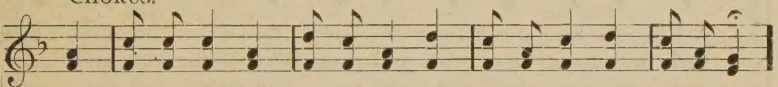
1. As I was pass-ing by a tree I heard the bird-ies whisper me:
2. While passing thro' a gar-den fair, The lil-ies whispered ev'rywhere:
3. No barns I build, or fret or spin For soon I hope to en-ter in;
4. No wardrobe large I crave be-low, For in the pal-ace where I go;



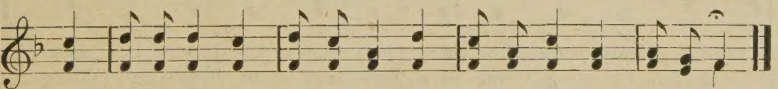
"No barns or store-house need we build, Our Maker feeds, we're always filled."
 "We toil not neith-er do we spin Yet dai-ly drink God's glory in."
 There's plen-ty on the oth-er shore To feed my soul for - ev - er-more.
 With robe and ring and dazzling crown With God upon His throne sit down.



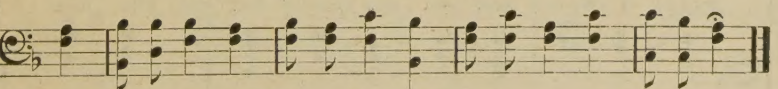
CHORUS.



I'm in my Fa-ther's special care, 'Tis heav-en with me ev-'ry-where;

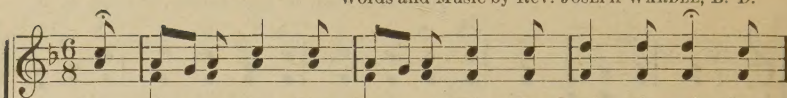


He feeds and clothes, I sing and bloom, For Him I'll sing beyond the tomb.

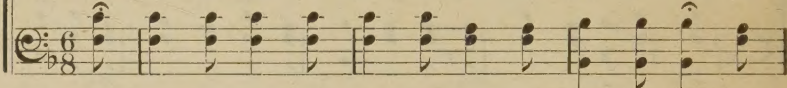
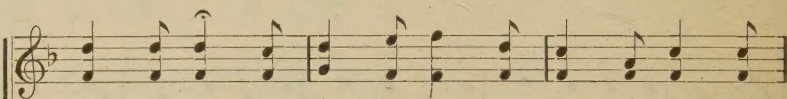


COME, GIVE YOUR HEART.

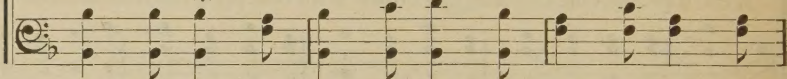
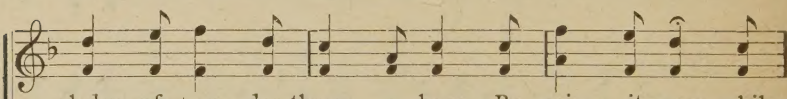
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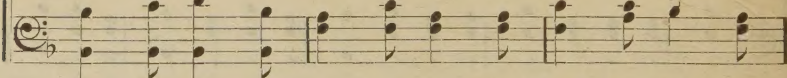
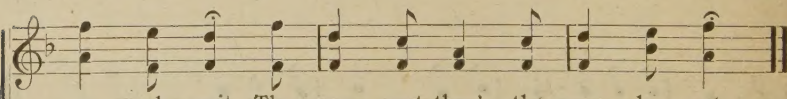
1. Come, give your heart to heaven's King, Re-ceive the robe, re-
 2. No diamond you may now pos-sess, No pearl that speaks of
 3. He ne'er will break His word when giv'n He wants to bring us
 4. Al - read - y in the skies 'tis known That we are His and
 5. Be true to Him to you 'tis giv'n, Be true to Him ye

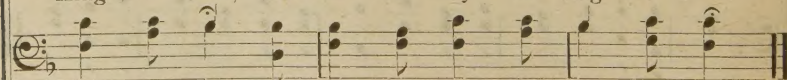
ceive the ring, Re-ceive the to - kens of His love His
 love's ca-ress But look the Son of heav-en's King Is
 all to heav'n Look up my soul, be-hold and see. The
 His a-lone; For us He came, for us He cried; For
 sons of heav'n We rep - re - sent the King of love, Our

pledge of yon - der throne a - bove, Re-ceive it now while
 here with heav-en's robe and ring; While hov - 'ring an - gels
 scep - tres wait for you and me, The crown and pal - ace
 us He bled for us He died To bring us to His
 sym - bol is the heav - ly dove Our home is with the

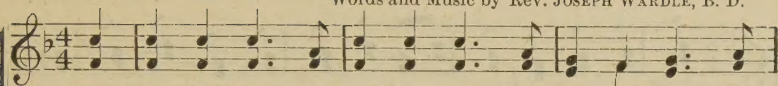
an - gels wait, The pass - port thro' the pear - ly gate.
 wait to sing Come, give your heart to heav-en's King.
 o'er the sea, The throne of glo - rious vic - to - ry.
 Fa - ther's side With Him for - ev - er to a - bide.
 King a - bove, And on our way we sing His love.



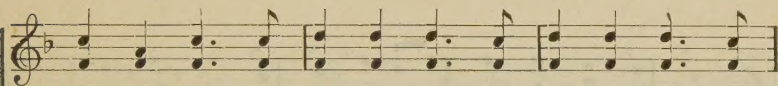
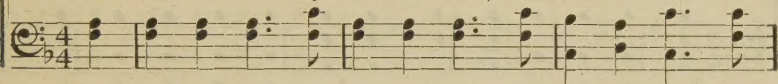
THE PEARL.

5

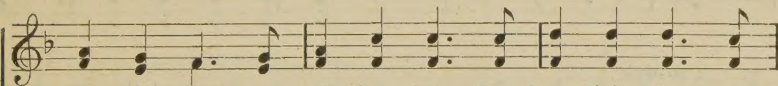
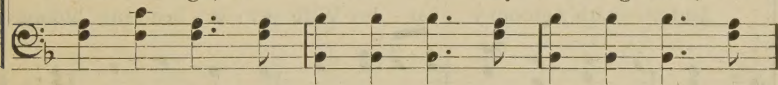
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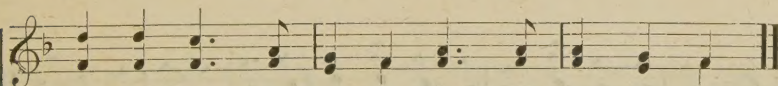
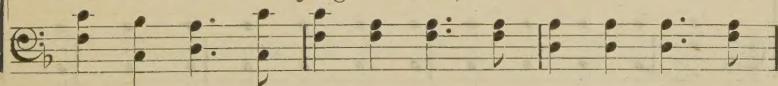
1. I've found the pearl of great-est price, The gem that came from
2. The on - ly gem I care to wear, It drives a - way my
3. Be - fore I found it I was poor, But this has o - pened
4. It rep - re - sents my Sav - ior's love, It makes me think of
5. I'll wear it on my heart be - low; I'll wear it till I



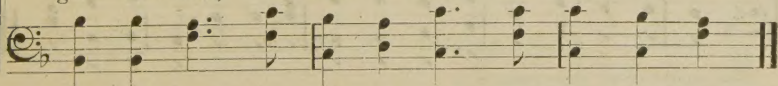
par - a - dise; I found it at the Sav - ior's cross Where
doubt and care, It spar - kles in the dark - est night, It
heav - en's door, I've crowns and king - doms o'er the flood, My
friends a - bove, It gave them light in dark - est night, With
have to go; I'll wear it on my wind - ing sheet; I'll



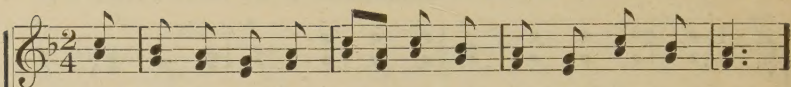
I did count my all but loss, He changed it for my
blaz - es in the noon-day light, It brings the throne of
hopes of heav - en sprout and bud, All things are work - ing
it they put the foe to flight, They con - quered death, it
wear it at the Judg - ment seat; I'll wear it on the



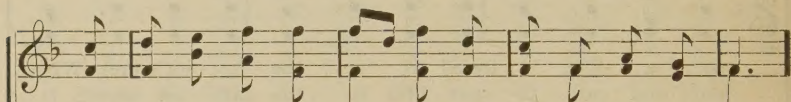
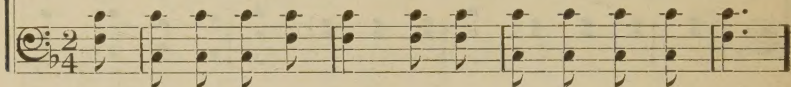
sin and dross At yon - der bleed - ing ho - ly cross.
God in sight, It fills my soul with all de - light.
for my good, Since I've been washed in Je - sus' blood.
shone so bright While God looked pleas - ed with the sight.
gold - en street; I'll wear it when the Lord I meet.



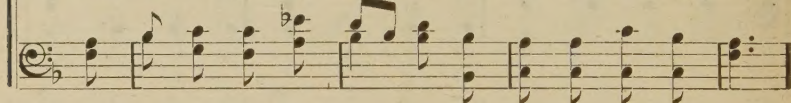
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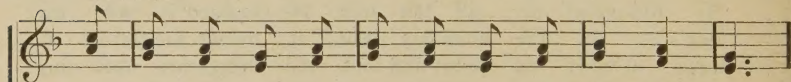
1. God's gar-den now is bloom-ing, Its gate stands o - pen wide;
2. Come pick the Rose of Shar - on And wear it on thy breast,
3. The Lil - y of the val - ley Is bloom-ing now for thee
4. These are the buds of glo - ry To dec - o - rate the tomb,



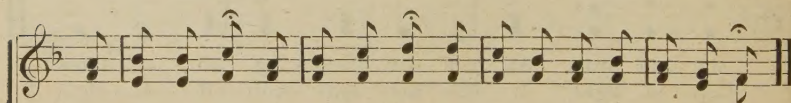
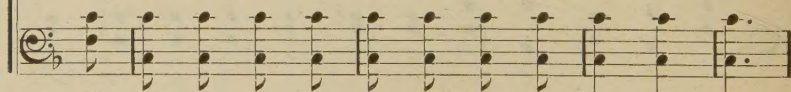
It will not be pre - sum - ing Come, let us step in - side.
 Now sing a song of heav - en; And en - ter in - to rest.
 Come, pick the bud of par - don, Then God will set you free.
 And fill death's gloom-y val - ley With ev - er - last - ing bloom.



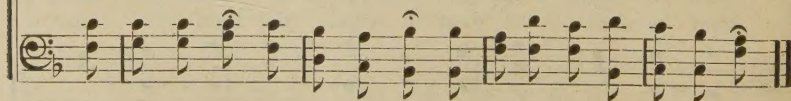
CHORUS.



I'll wear Thy love up - on my heart, Up - on my heart



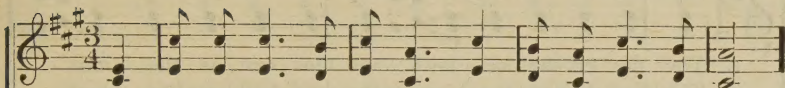
The love of God, the love of God, Up - on my heart, up - on my heart.



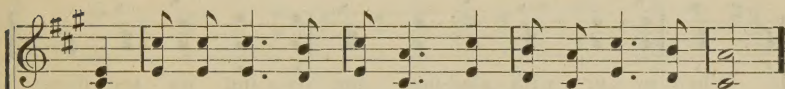
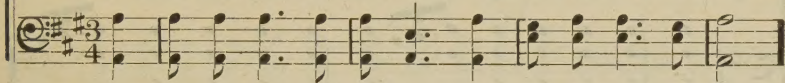
I HELD GOD'S HAND.

7

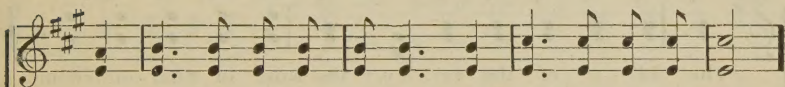
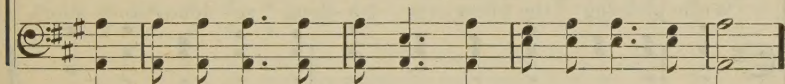
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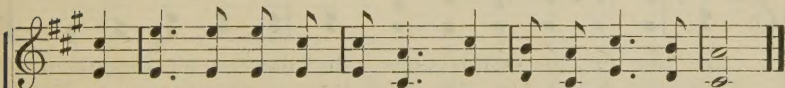
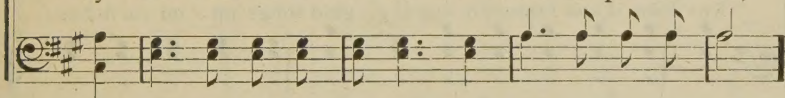
1. I held God's hand quite loosely While walk-ing by His side,
2. He did not once up-braid me, But seem'd so pleased to see
3. I'm glad God's walking with me, Where paths are rough and poor,



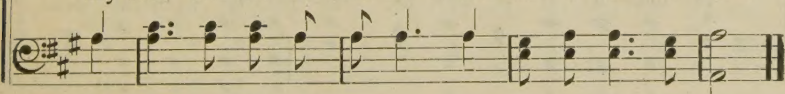
And then I tripp'd and stumbled, I al-most fell, and cried;
My cling-ing clos-er to Him, My love His vic-to-ry.
We're go-ing where it's ev-en, The gold-en streets are sure.



He caught me by my fin-gers, He lift-ed up my hand
You know He is my Fa-ther, He will not let me fall,
By that time I'll be a-ble To walk in pal-ace fair,

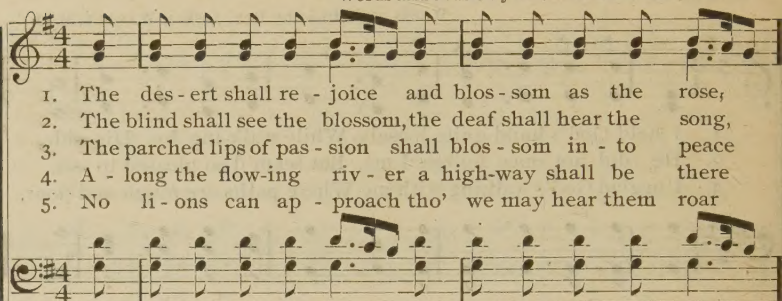


And now I grasp Him firm-ly In this un-ev-en land.
Tho' sometimes holding loose-ly He knows and watch-es all.
My feet will nev-er stum-ble When once I en-ter there.

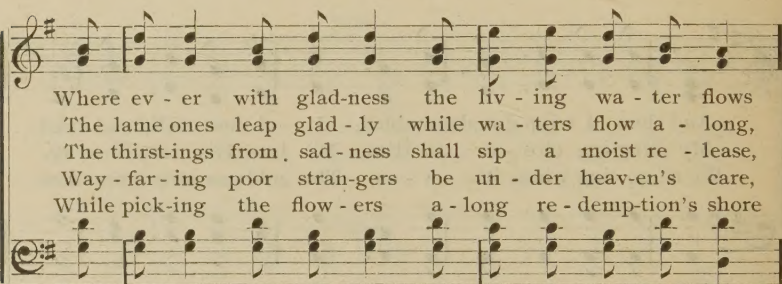


THE DESERT SHALL REJOICE.

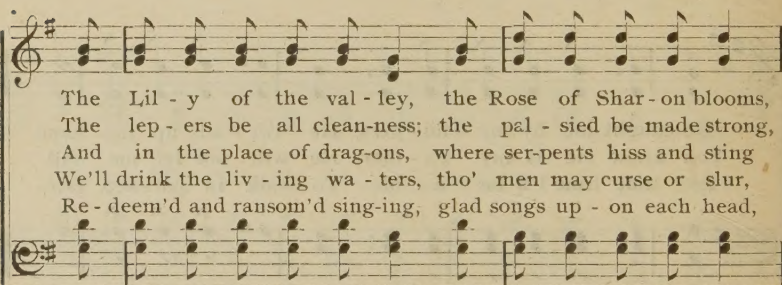
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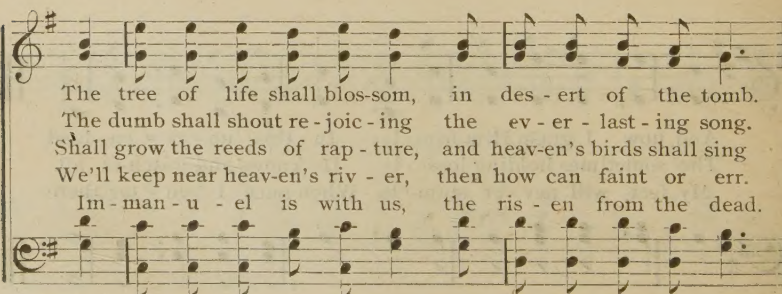
1. The des-ert shall re-joice and blos-som as the rose,
 2. The blind shall see the blossom, the deaf shall hear the song,
 3. The parched lips of pas-sion shall blos-som in-to peace
 4. A-long the flow-ing riv-er a high-way shall be there
 5. No li-ons can ap-proach tho' we may hear them roar



Where ev-er with glad-ness the liv-ing wa-ter flows
 The lame ones leap glad-ly while wa-ters flow a-long,
 The thirst-ings from sad-ness shall sip a moist re-lease,
 Way-far-ing poor stran-gers be un-der heav-en's care,
 While pick-ing the flow-ers a-long re-demp-tion's shore



The Lil-y of the val-ley, the Rose of Shar-on blooms,
 The lep-ers be all clean-ness; the pal-sied be made strong,
 And in the place of drag-ons, where ser-pents hiss and sting
 We'll drink the liv-ing wa-ters, tho' men may curse or slur,
 Re-deem'd and ransom'd sing-ing, glad songs up-on each head,



The tree of life shall blos-som, in des-ert of the tomb.
 The dumb shall shout re-joic-ing the ev-er-last-ing song.
 Shall grow the reeds of rap-ture, and heav-en's birds shall sing
 We'll keep near heav-en's riv-er, then how can faint or err.
 Im-man-u-el is with us, the ris-en from the dead.

The Desert Shall Rejoice.

9

CHORUS.

The floods shall clap their hands, the streams shall gather flow'rs. And
While rainbows arch the skies and fragrance fills the air, And

God shall sit with sinners a - mid redemption's bow'rs }
men shall share with Je - sus the glo - ry (*Omit.*) } ev - ry - where.

YES, JESUS IS HERE.

Words and Music by Rev. JOSEPH WARDLE, B. D.

1. Yes, Je - sus is here, oh, right by our side, Yes, Je - sus is here,
2. Yes, Je - sus is here to make it all right, Yes, Je - sus is here
3. Yes, Je - sus is here to help us be - gin, Yes, Je - sus is here
4. Yes, Je - sus is here to answer our pray'rs, Yes, Je - sus is here

the Je - sus that died; Yes, Je - sus is here, the
to par - don to - night; Yes, Je - sus is here, though
to cleanse from all sin; Yes, Je - sus is here, to
to car - ry our cares, Yes, Je - sus is here, to

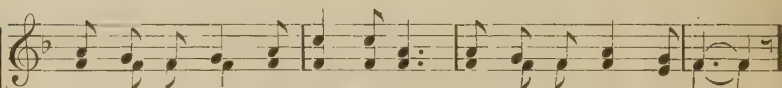
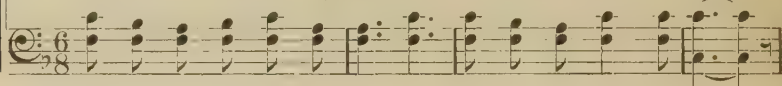
one that a - rose, Yes, Je - sus is here to scat - ter our foes.
you may be wild, Yes, Je - sus is here to make you God's child.
help us a - long, Yes, Je - sus is here to give a new song.
show us His love, Yes, Je - sus is here to help us a - bove.

I BELONG TO JESUS.

Words and Music by Rev. JOSEPH WARDLE, B. D.



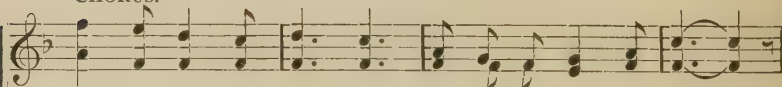
1. Look in God's fam-i - ly rec-ord, There you will find my name;
2. Ask ye the hov-er - ing an - gels Fresh from the oth - er shore;
3. Je - sus, He takes me out walk-ing, Running on by His side:
4. Je - sus, sends me on His er - rands, —O how I love to run
5. Soon I'll be in His bright pal-ace; Say, will you meet me there?



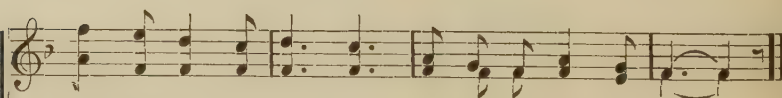
Je - sus, He wrote it down I know: Swift the glad wit-ness came.
 Je - sus, He sent them down, I know— O-pened my pris - on door.
 Car - ries me when I'm wea-ry worn In His kind bo - som hide.
 Tell-ing them all that He is risen, Vic - t'ry o'er death is won.
 Fa - ther and moth - er and loved ones, Heav - en we all may share.



CHORUS.



I be - long to Je - sus, One of His lit - tle ones;



I be - long to heav - en— One of God's new-born sons.

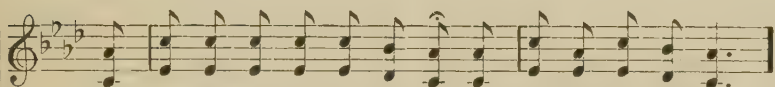


HEAVEN'S WAY.

Words and Music by REV. JOSEPH WARDLE, B. D.



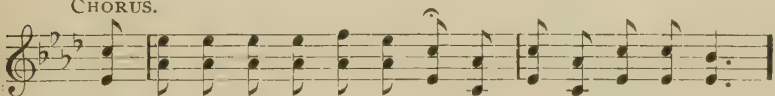
1. This is the way my Fa-ther trod When He went to the skies,
2. This is the road my broth-er knew Tho' cold to us the day,
3. This is the path dear sis-ter took And found the throne of love,
4. Dear mother beckons from the throne My heart the way can see,
5. A - long this way our dar-ling dear And found a bet-ter home,



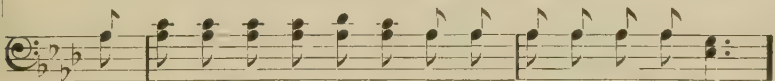
And an-gels came from throne of God To close His dy - ing eyes.
 He dropped the robe of flesh and flew A - long the shin-ing way.
 And now with hand and lov - ing look Is beck-'ning all a - bove.
 Look up tho' you are all a - lone, She waits for you and me.
 And ev-er since I've seem'd to hear: "Pa-pa, why don't you come?"



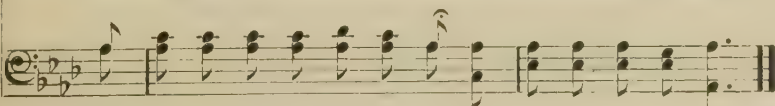
CHORUS.



I'm on my way this bless-ed day, His foot-steps now I see;

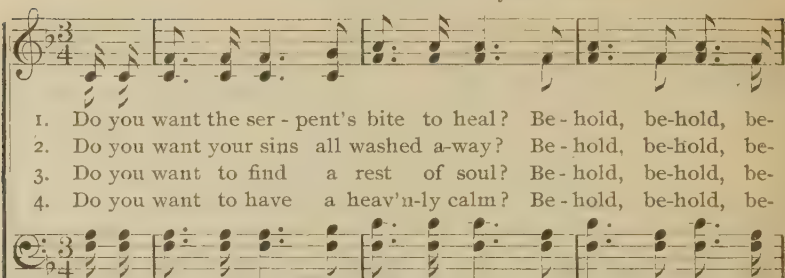


I know I'm right, my Lord's in sight, He beck-ons un - to me.

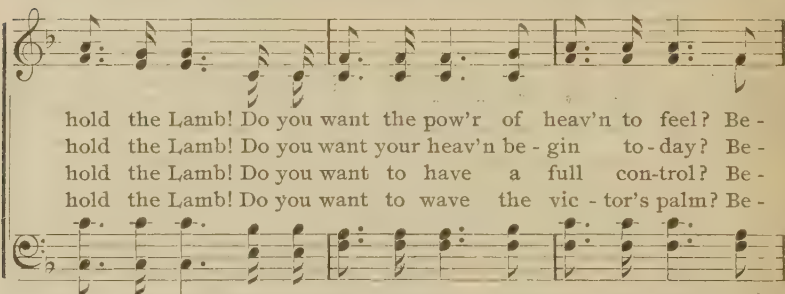


BEHOLD THE LAMB.

Words and Music by Rev. JOSEPH WARDLE, B. D.

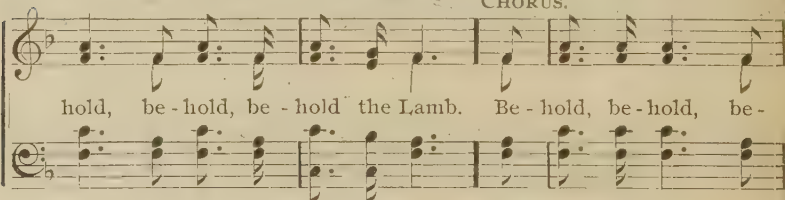


1. Do you want the ser - pent's bite to heal? Be - hold, be - hold, be -
 2. Do you want your sins all washed a - way? Be - hold, be - hold, be -
 3. Do you want to find a rest of soul? Be - hold, be - hold, be -
 4. Do you want to have a heav'n - ly calm? Be - hold, be - hold, be -

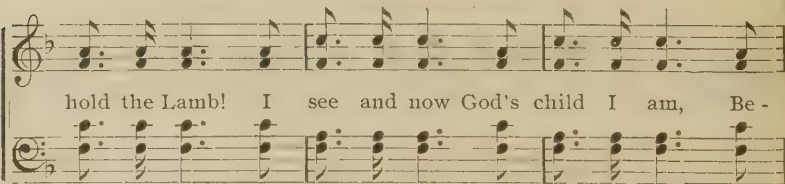


hold the Lamb! Do you want the pow'r of heav'n to feel? Be -
 hold the Lamb! Do you want your heav'n be - gin to - day? Be -
 hold the Lamb! Do you want to have a full con - trol? Be -
 hold the Lamb! Do you want to wave the vic - tor's palm? Be -

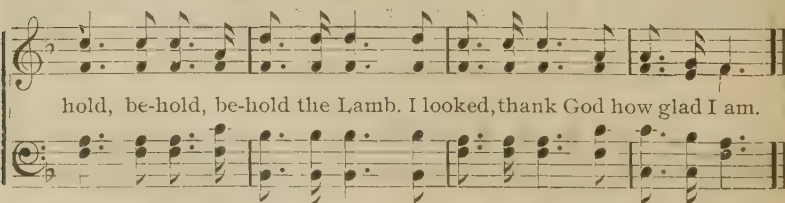
CHORUS.



hold, be - hold, be - hold the Lamb. Be - hold, be - hold, be -



hold the Lamb! I see and now God's child I am, Be -

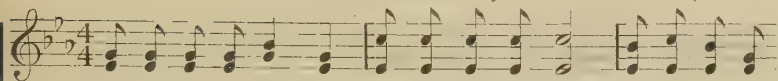


hold, be - hold, be - hold the Lamb. I looked, thank God how glad I am.

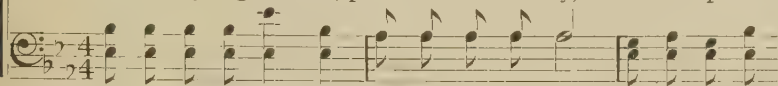
ANYTHING FOR JESUS.

13

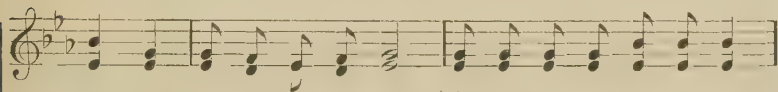
Words and Music by REV. JOSEPH WARDLE, B. D.



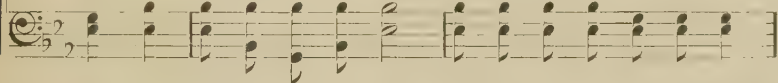
- 1 A - ny thing for Je - sus, a - ny-thing for love, A-ny-thing to
2. Put me in - to pris - on, then I'll sing and shout, Whether man tor-
3. Ma-ny may neg-lect me, praise me to the sky, Tho' I sup with



CHO.—Glo - ry, glo-ry, glo - ry! if you have it sing! Make this world of

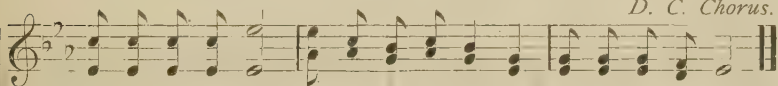


help us on our way a - bove; A - ny-thing and ev - 'ry-thing
ment, or an - gels let me out; A - ny-thing and ev - 'ry-thing
princ - es, or led out to die, A - ny-thing and ev - 'ry-thing



sor - row, loud with glo - ry ring; A - ny-thing and ev - 'ry-thing

D. C. Chorus.



touched by Je-sus' love Chang-es in - to glo - ry, helps us home a-bove.
wheth-er sing or bleed, So I help the Mas-ter sow the precious seed.
wheth-er praise or blame Makes me love Him better, bless His ho-ly name.

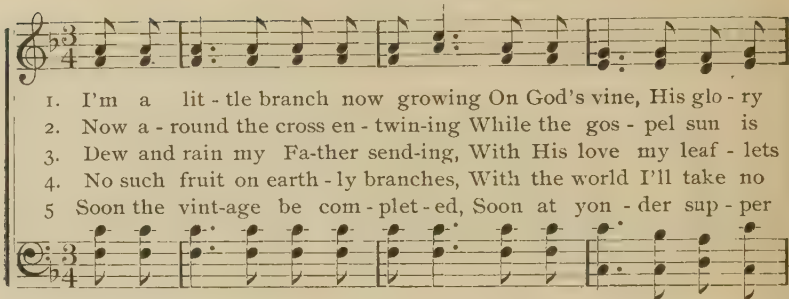


helps us on the way When we love the Mas-ter and the Lord o - bey.

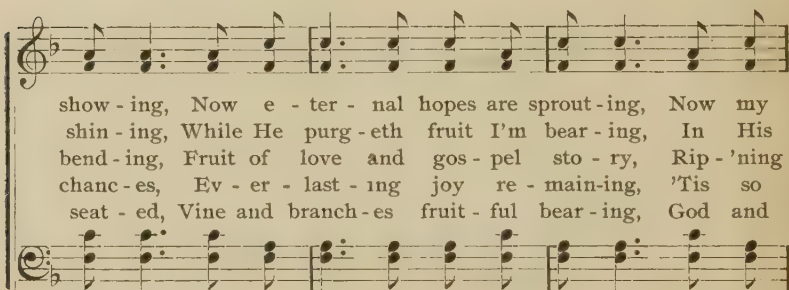
- 4 Any cross for Jesus, any load for love
Anything He blesses helps us home above;
Anything and everything, crusts or richest food,
Rags or robes of richness—all things work for good.
- 5 Dying will be glory, judgment will be joy,
Naught in earth or heaven ever can annoy,
Anything and everything, be it song or groan,
Since He died for sinners, helps us to His throne.

I'M A LITTLE BRANCH.

Words and Music by Rev. JOSEPH WARDLE, B. D.

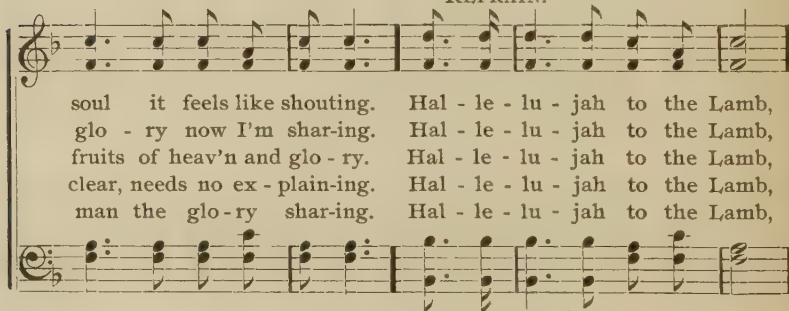


1. I'm a lit - tle branch now growing On God's vine, His glo - ry
 2. Now a - round the cross en - twin-ing While the gos - pel sun is
 3. Dew and rain my Fa - ther send-ing, With His love my leaf - lets
 4. No such fruit on earth - ly branches, With the world I'll take no
 5. Soon the vint-age be com - plet-ed, Soon at yon - der sup - per

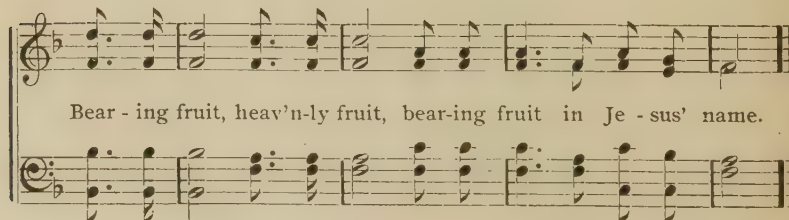


show - ing, Now e - ter - nal hopes are sprout-ing, Now my
 shin - ing, While He purg - eth fruit I'm bear - ing, In His
 bend - ing, Fruit of love and gos - pel sto - ry, Rip - 'ning
 chanc - es, Ev - er - last - ing joy re - main-ing, 'Tis so
 seat - ed, Vine and branch - es fruit - ful bear - ing, God and

REFRAIN.



soul it feels like shouting. Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb,
 glo - ry now I'm shar-ing. Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb,
 fruits of heav'n and glo - ry. Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb,
 clear, needs no ex - plain-ing. Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb,
 man the glo - ry shar-ing. Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb,

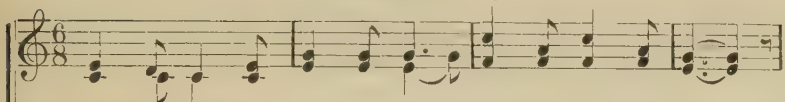


Bear - ing fruit, heav'n-ly fruit, bearing fruit in Je - sus' name.

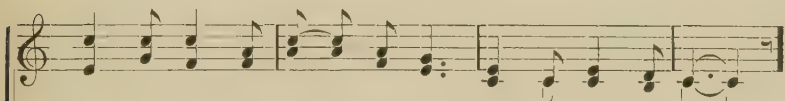
ALL THINGS WORK FOR GOOD.

15

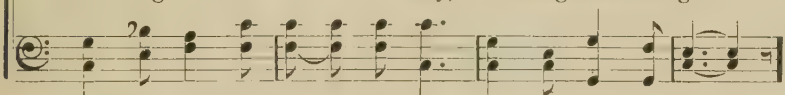
Words and Music by Rev. JOSEPH WARDLE, B. D.



1. Take your cross and fol - low on, All things work for good;
2. Pain and pov - er - ty may come, All things work for good;
3. Earth - ly man - sions may burn down, All things work for good;
4. Wel - come ev - 'ry storm may come, All things work for good;
5. Loved ones say their last good bye, All things work for good;



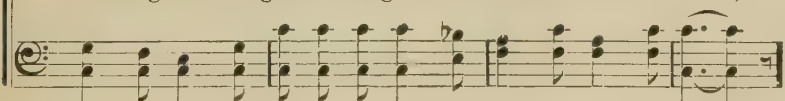
You are foll'wing God's own Son, All things work for good.
 Plen - ty in my heav-en - ly home, All things work for good.
 I've a man-sion with a crown, All things work for good.
 Ev - 'ry wind must blow me home, All things work for good.
 Watch-ing for me in the sky, All things work for good.



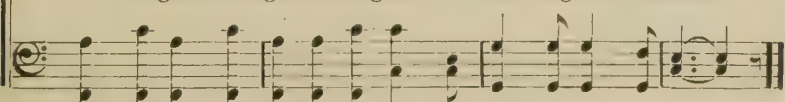
CHORUS.



All things work to-geth-er for good To those that love the Lord;

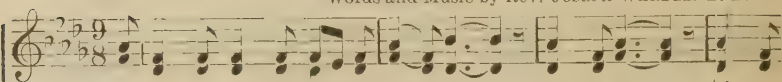


All things work together for good Ac - cord - ing to His word.

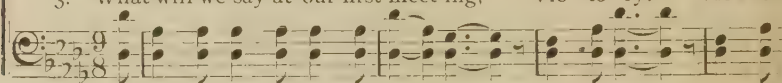


I HEAR THE ANGEL VOICES.

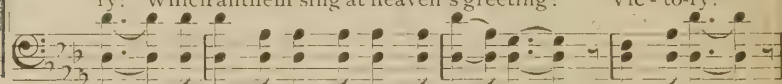
Words and Music by REV. JOSEPH WARDLE, B. D.



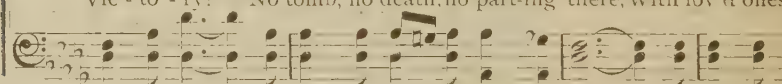
1. I hear the an - gel voic - es call - ing, Un - to me, an - to
2. Behold the white robed throng now gaz - ing, Look and see! look and
3. What will we say at our first meet - ing, "Vic - to - ry! Vic - to



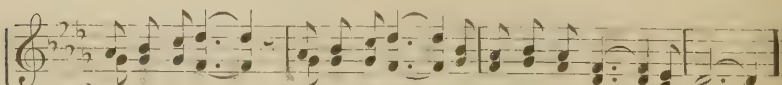
me; Fa - mil - iar sounds from heaven fall - ing, Dear to me,
 see! With palms of vic - t'ry hands up - rais - ing, Beck'ning me,
 ry!" Which anthem sing at heaven's greeting? "Vic - to - ry!"



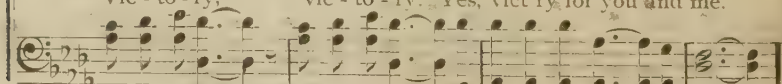
dear to me; 'Twas heav'n while they were here be - low, They now are
 beck - ning me; They look as if they tho't I'd come, And make e'en
 Vic - to - ry!" No tomb, no death, no part - ing there, With lov'd ones



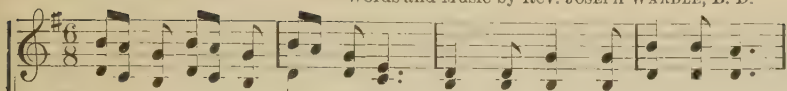
ask - ing, "will you go?" While an - gels wait the way to show,
 heav'n seem more like home, As arm in arm with them I'll roam,
 and with God we'll share E - ter - ni - ty - and then de - clare,



Waiting for me, waiting for me, Yes, waiting for you and me.
 Waiting for me, waiting for me, Yes, waiting for you and me.
 Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry! Yes, vict'ry for you and me.



Words and Music by REV. JOSEPH WARDLE, B. D.



1. Noth-ing can my soul ap-pall, Since I gave to God my all,
2. Noth-ing can dis-turb my rest, Since I leaned on Je-sus' breast,
3. Noth-ing can my sky ob-scure, Since my man-sion is se-cure,
4. Glo-ry to His name I cry Since He wrote my name on high,



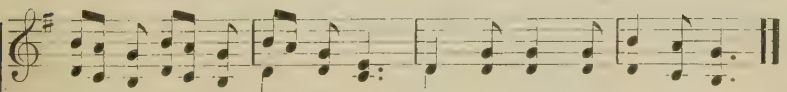
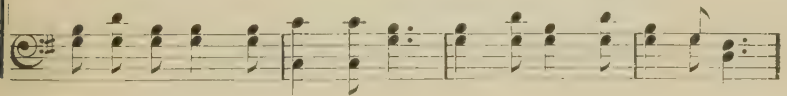
Since I heard the Sav-ior call, Noth-ing can my soul ap-pall.
 Since His love my soul ca-ressed, Noth-ing can dis-turb my rest.
 Since He makes and keeps me pure, Noth-ing can my sky ob-scure.
 Since He said I need not die, Glo-ry to His name I cry.



CHORUS.



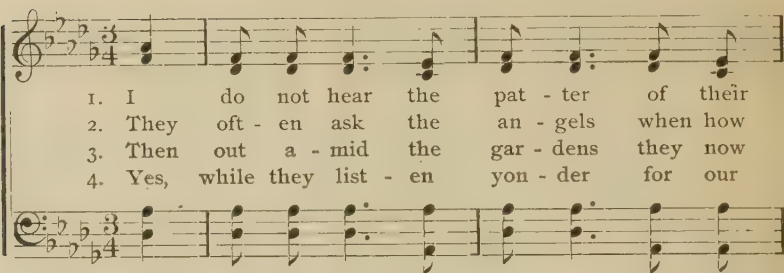
Ev-er-y an-gel in the sky To my help would glad-ly fly,



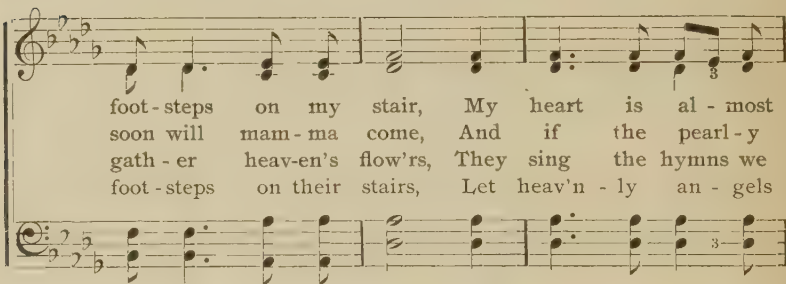
But I do not need their pow'r, God is with me ev-'ry hour.



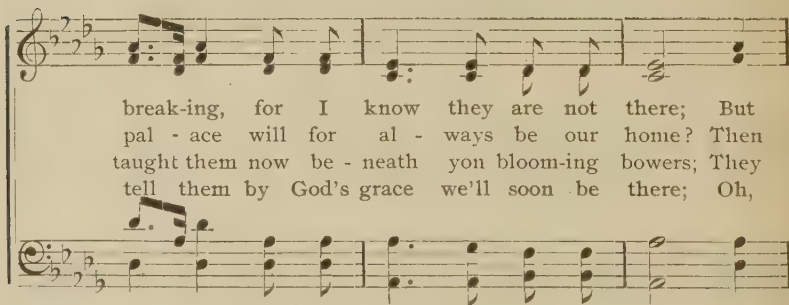
Words and Music by Rev. JOSEPH WARDLE, B. D.



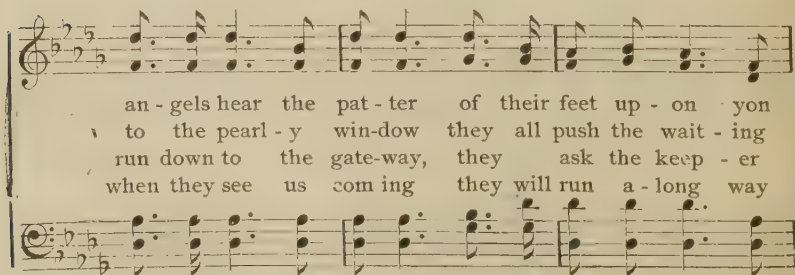
1. I do not hear the pat - ter of their
 2. They oft - en ask the an - gels when how
 3. Then out a - mid the gar - dens they now
 4. Yes, while they list - en yon - der for our



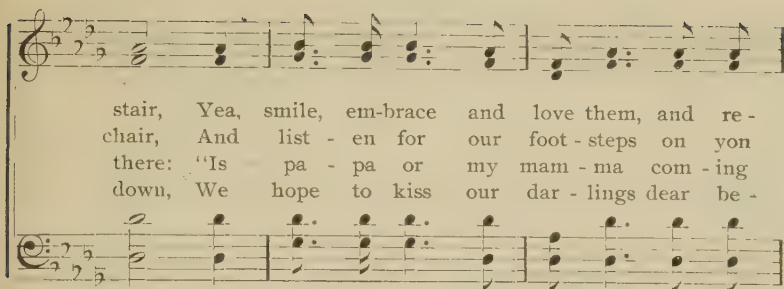
foot-steps on my stair, My heart is al - most
 soon will mam - ma come, And if the pearl - y
 gath - er heav-en's flow'rs, They sing the hymns we
 foot-steps on their stairs, Let heav'n - ly an - gels



break-ing, for I know they are not there; But
 pal - ace will for al - ways be our home? Then
 taught them now be - neath yon bloom-ing bowers; They
 tell them by God's grace we'll soon be there; Oh,

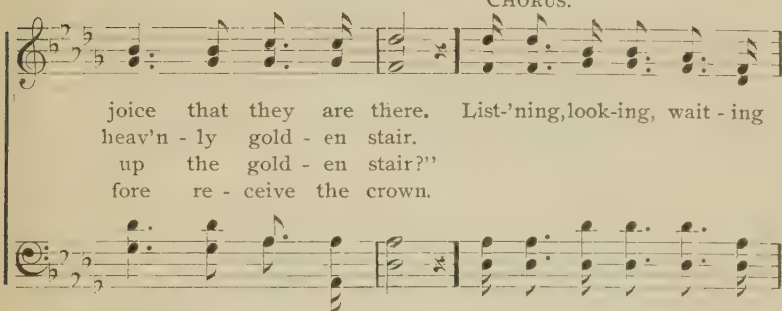


an - gels hear the pat - ter of their feet up - on yon
 to the pearl - y win-dow they all push the wait - ing
 run down to the gate-way, they ask the keep - er
 when they see us com ing they will run a - long way

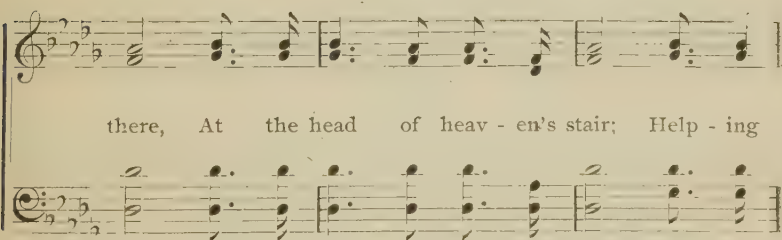


stair, Yea, smile, em-brace and love them, and re-
 chair, And list - en for our foot - steps on yon
 there: "Is pa - pa or my mam - ma com - ing
 down, We hope to kiss our dar - lings dear be -

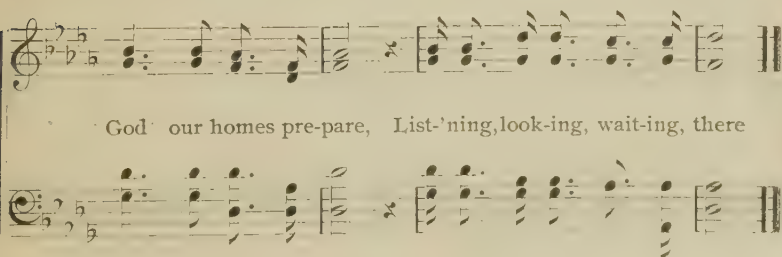
CHORUS.



joice that they are there. List-'ning, look-ing, wait - ing
 heav'n - ly gold - en stair.
 up the gold - en stair?"
 fore re - ceive the crown.



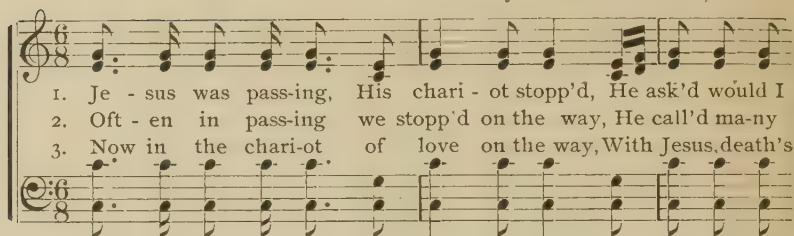
there, At the head of heav - en's stair; Help - ing



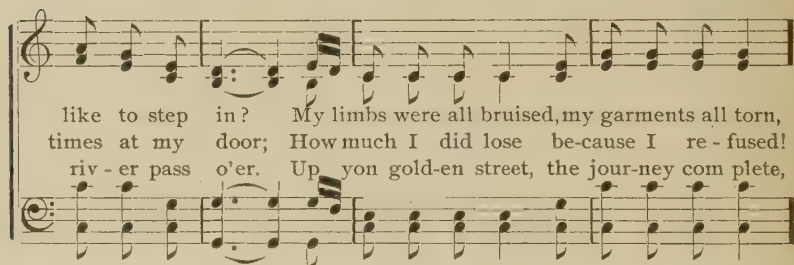
God our homes pre-pare, List-'ning, look-ing, wait-ing, there

STEP IN, STEP IN.

Words and Music by Rev. JOSEPH WARDLE, B. D.

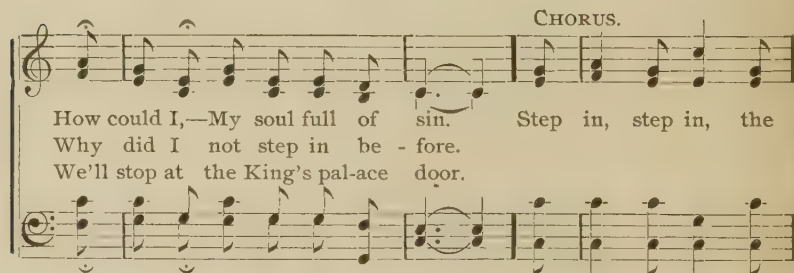


1. Je - sus was pass-ing, His chari - ot stopp'd, He ask'd would I
 2. Oft - en in pass-ing we stopp'd on the way, He call'd ma - ny
 3. Now in the chari-ot of love on the way, With Jesus, death's

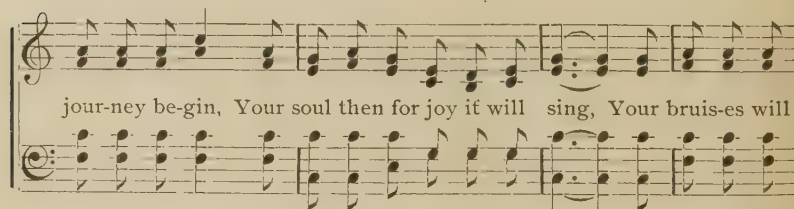


like to step in? My limbs were all bruised, my garments all torn,
 times at my door; How much I did lose be-cause I re-fused!
 riv-er pass o'er. Up yon gold-en street, the jour-ney com plete,

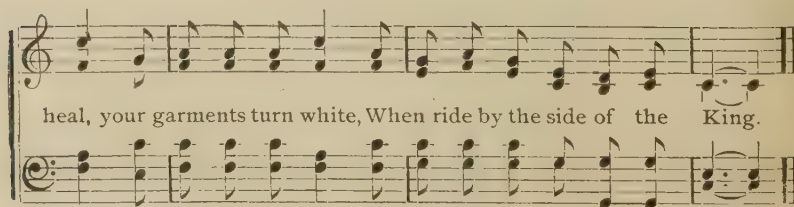
CHORUS.



How could I,—My soul full of sin. Step in, step in, the
 Why did I not step in be-fore.
 We'll stop at the King's pal-ace door.



jour-ney be-gin, Your soul then for joy it will sing, Your bruises will



heal, your garments turn white, When ride by the side of the King.

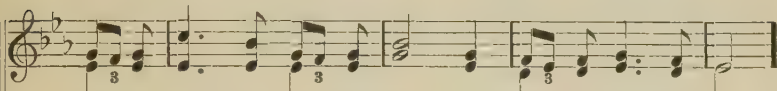
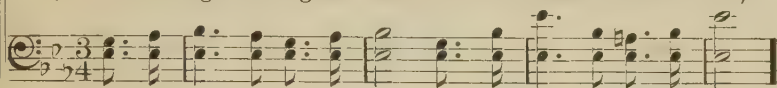
I AM FIGHTING FOR THE SKIES.

21

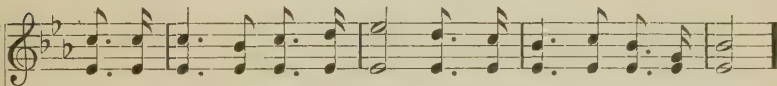
Words and Music by Rev. JOSEPH WARDLE, B. D.



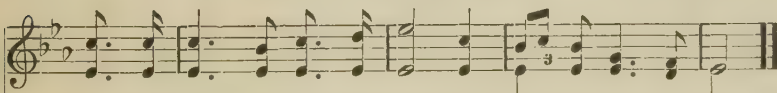
1. I am fight-ing for the skies Where the gold-en thrones a-rise,
2. This is heav-en's glo-rious fight, We will put the foe to flight
3. Oft - en wound-ed yet we fight While a foe ap-pears in sight,
4. While we fight we sing and cheer What have sons of God to fear,



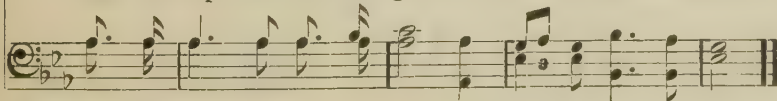
Heav-en's ev - er - last-ing prize, The prize of end - less life.
 Ere life's sun goes down in night, The night when rest may come,
 God will help us with His might, We nev - er fight a - lone,
 Al - ways an-sw'ring "I am here," Yes, here to do and dare,



I have buck-led on the sword Of His spir - it and His word,
 We are fight-ing for the King Where the shouts of vic-tors ring,
 We are heav'n's immor-tal band Fight-ing sin on ev - ry hand,
 God will help us, we must win, Yon - der pal - ace en - ter in,

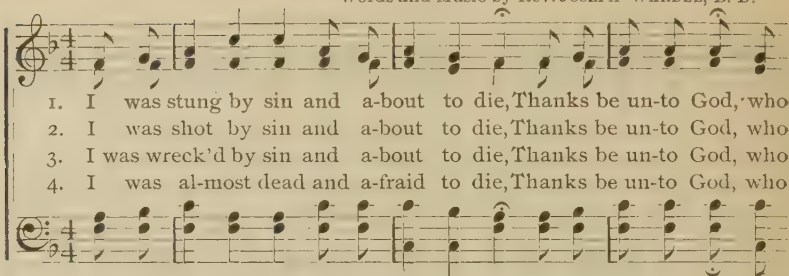


I the Cap-tain's voice have heard A - bove the bat - tle strife.
 Ev - 'ry blow will near - er bring, Will bring us to our home.
 Vic - tors soon our souls must stand, Soon stand by God's great throne.
 Glo - rious rap - ture there be - gin The vic - tor's crown to wear.

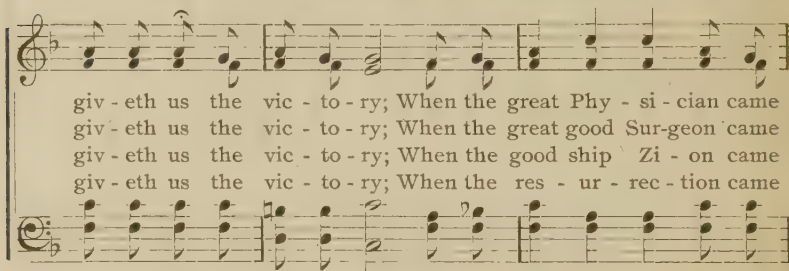


THANKS BE UNTO GOD.

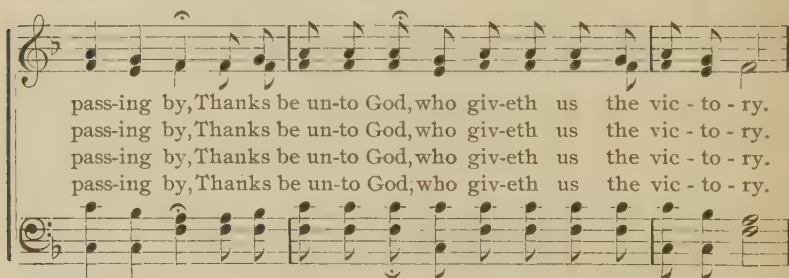
Words and Music by REV. JOSEPH WARDLE, B. D.



1. I was stung by sin and a-bout to die, Thanks be un-to God, who
 2. I was shot by sin and a-bout to die, Thanks be un-to God, who
 3. I was wreck'd by sin and a-bout to die, Thanks be un-to God, who
 4. I was al-most dead and a-fraid to die, Thanks be un-to God, who

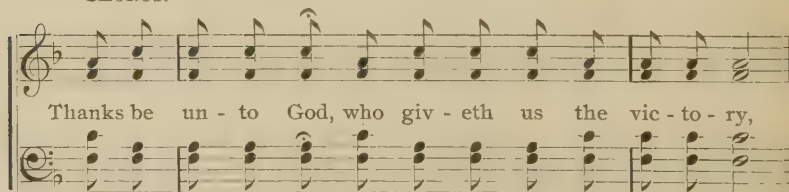


giv - eth us the vic - to - ry; When the great Phy - si - cian came
 giv - eth us the vic - to - ry; When the great good Sur - geon came
 giv - eth us the vic - to - ry; When the good ship Zi - on came
 giv - eth us the vic - to - ry; When the res - ur - rec - tion came

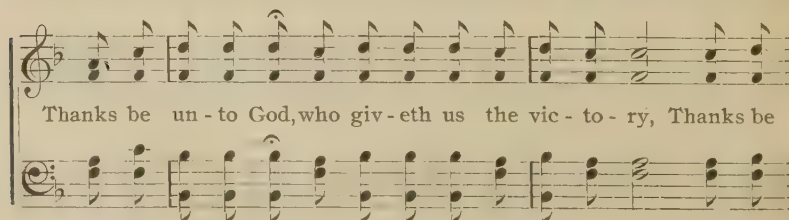


pass - ing by, Thanks be un-to God, who giv - eth us the vic - to - ry.
 pass - ing by, Thanks be un-to God, who giv - eth us the vic - to - ry.
 pass - ing by, Thanks be un-to God, who giv - eth us the vic - to - ry.
 pass - ing by, Thanks be un-to God, who giv - eth us the vic - to - ry.

CHORUS.



Thanks be un - to God, who giv - eth us the vic - to - ry,



Thanks be un - to God, who giv - eth us the vic - to - ry, Thanks be

un - to God, who giv-eth us the vic - to - ry, Thro' our Lord, Jesus Christ.

SAVED SOME FOR ME.

Words and Music by REV. JOSEPH WARDLE, B. D.

1. I came in at th' e-lev-enth hour So dark could hard-ly see,
2. He fed the mill-ions far a - way Be-neath Sa - ma-ria's tree,
3. He fills a mill-ion lamps with oil The bridegroom's face to see,
4. A mill-ion crowns be-fore His throne He gives to those set free,
5. The millions walk the streets of light With palms of vic - to - ry,

FINE.

And tho' He hired a mill-ion men He saved some work for me.
 Tho' feed-ing heav-en's host to - day, He sends a crumb for me.
 A - mid my night of pain and toil, He fills a lamp for me.
 And tho' I'm last and all a - lone, He saves a crown for me.
 Mill-ions on mill-ions in His sight, Yet saves a palm for me.

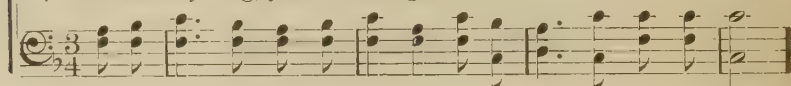
CHORUS. D. S.

He saved some work for me,	He saved some work for me;
He saves a crumb for me,	He saves a crumb for me;
He fills a lamp for me,	He fills a lamp for me;
He saves a crown for me,	He saves a crown for me;
He saves a palm for me,	He saves a palm for me;

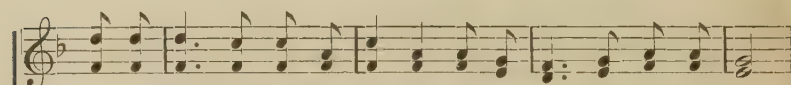
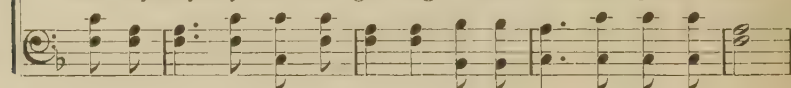
Words and Music by REV. JOSEPH WARDLE, B. D.



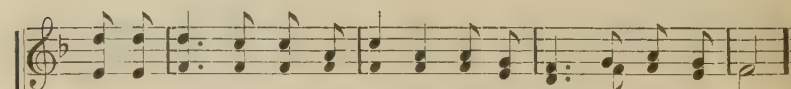
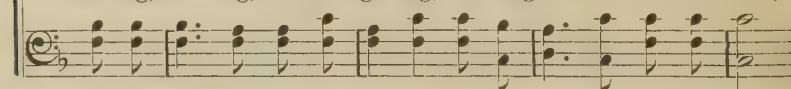
1. He that made me and redeemed me, Has not left me here a - lone.
2. Tho' af-flict - ed, wel-come loss-es Tho' I'm weak yet am I strong;
3. Tho' in pris-on, still I'm praising, Tho' in dark-ness, yet I shout,
4. Tho' I'm dy-ing, yet I'm liv-ing, Bod-y weak, but soul a - flame,



For He now is walking with me Thro' this world to heaven's throne.
 Tho' I car-ry heav-y cross-es I am sing-ing heaven's song.
 For I hear the world's roof raising, An-gels come to lift me out.
 Ev-'ry day my God is giv-ing Life and love thro' Je-sus' name.



Talking, talking while we're walking, Talk-ing of His wondrous love;
 Sing-ing, sing-ing, glo-ry ring-ing, Sing-ing of His wondrous love,
 Praising, prais-ing, while I'm gaz-ing, Prais-ing now His wondrous love,
 Liv-ing, liv-ing, God is giv-ing, Liv-ing in His wondrous love,



An-gels meet-ing heav-en greet-ing, Talk-ing of our home a-bove.
 Peace a-bound-ing, joy re-sound-ing, Sing-ing of my home a-bove.
 Heav'n ap-pear-ing an-gels cheering, Praising while we walk a-bove.
 Life e-ter-nal, love su-per-nal, Liv-ing life they live a-bove.



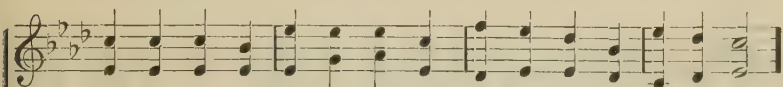
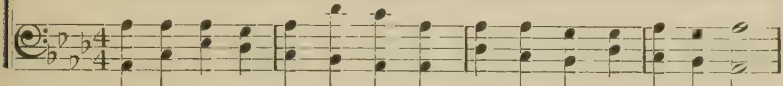
WHY AM I NOW HESITATING?

25

Words and Music by Rev. JOSEPH WARDLE, B. D.



1. Why am I now hes - i - ta-ting? Now the door stands open wide,
2. Why am I now hes - i - ta-ting? Now the angels have come down,
3. Why am I now hes - i - ta-ting Now to have the blood applied,



All of love and heav'n is wait-ing Just with-in, by Je-sus' side.
Now my God Him-self is wait-ing, Now He of-fers me a crown.
Now to feel His love cre-at-ing, Now to know for me He died.



CHORUS.



Now I'll go with God and heav-en, Then I'll sure-ly o-ver-come;



All my sins will be for-giv-en, I'll be saved and go-ing home.



- 4 Why am I now hesitating?
Now to walk out on the waves,
Now my Lord for me is waiting,
Now I'll walk while Jesus saves.

- 5 Why am I now hesitating? [groan,
Soon death comes with pain and
Now death is my servant waiting,
Soon to take me to my home.

- 6 Why am I now hesitating?
Now begin the gospel race,
Friends and ev'ry angel waiting,
God will help you by His grace.

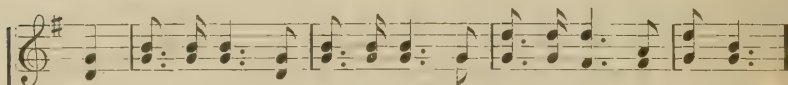
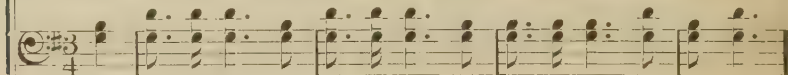
- 7 Why am I now hesitating?
Heaven's invitation's come,
Heaven soon congratulating
Us in yonder palace home.

26 THE CORN AND OIL WAS ALMOST GONE.

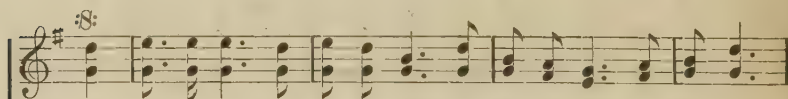
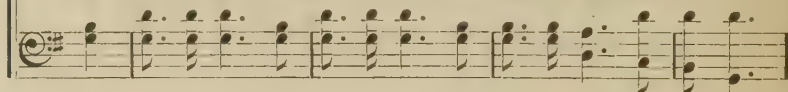
Words and Music by REV. JOSEPH WARDLE, B. D.



1. The corn and oil was al-most gone And I was near-ly dy-ing,
2. I bake the meal in gos-pel cakes And eat and give God glo-ry,
3. Think not I'm feast-ing all a-lone For Christ is here from glo-ry,



When to my door God's prophet came And listened to my cry-ing.
And now for my Re-deem-er's sake I tell to you the sto-ry.
I feel I'm ver-y near His throne He tells me Calvary's sto-ry.



He said the meal would never waste, The oil not cease its flow-ing,
I now am pour-ing out the oil, It's running o-ver! glo-ry!
But this is noth-ing but a lunch A single grape from glo-ry,

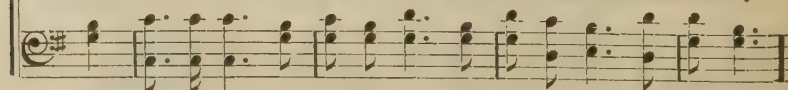


CHO.—O pre-cious meal, O oil di-vine To eat a-mid our sor-row,

D. S. Chorus.



Till ol-ives on the hills grew ripe And corn was rich-ly grow-ing.
It's flow-ing now a-mid my toil, In song and gos-pel sto-ry.
At yonder feast, bunch after bunch, While God tells heaven's sto-ry.

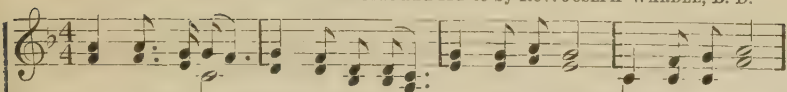


A fore-taste of the Bridegroom's feast, We eat in heav'n to-mor-row.

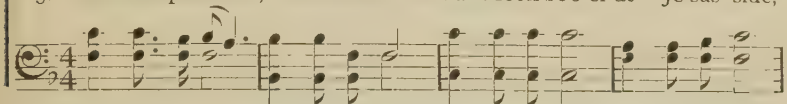
SOON BE IN HEAVEN.

27

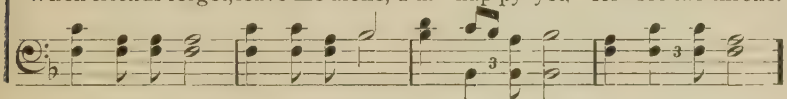
Words and Music by REV. JOSEPH WARDLE, B. D.



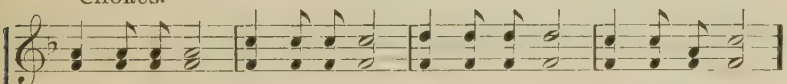
1. Soon be in heav'n, O happy place! Yes, glorified thro' wondrous grace
2. When darkness comes I look a-way And catch a glimpse of heav'n's bright day,
3. When tempted sore, I think when tried I'll soon be o'er at Je-sus' side,



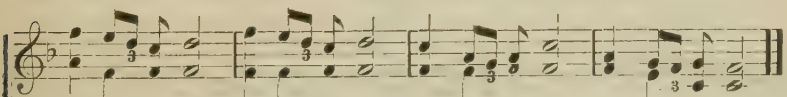
Close by the King, home safe above, Where seraphs sing, where all is love.
I will not fear, nor anxious be, Nor shed a tear, now God loves me.
When friends forget, leave me alone, I'm happy yet, for see the throne.



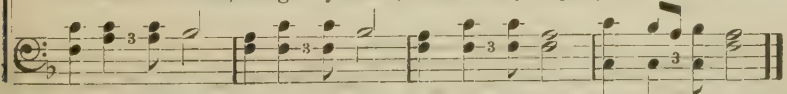
CHORUS.



Praise, praise, O praise, I see, I see The crown the King holds out to me,



I'll soon be there, His glo-ry share, With Christ my King My crown I'll wear.



4 Let men oppose, let demons frown,
God plainly shows my waiting crown;
I'll strike a blow, I'll sing a song,
Then I will go where I belong.

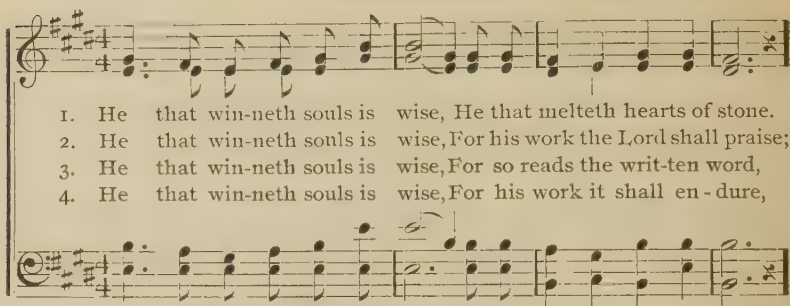
5 When loved ones go I catch God's smile
And part I know, a little while
Before they talk much with the Lamb
O'er death I'll walk, find crown and palm.

6 Before they know the anthems well
My trumpet blow, the chorus swell,
Before they sing the first verse thro'
My harp I'll string with glory too.

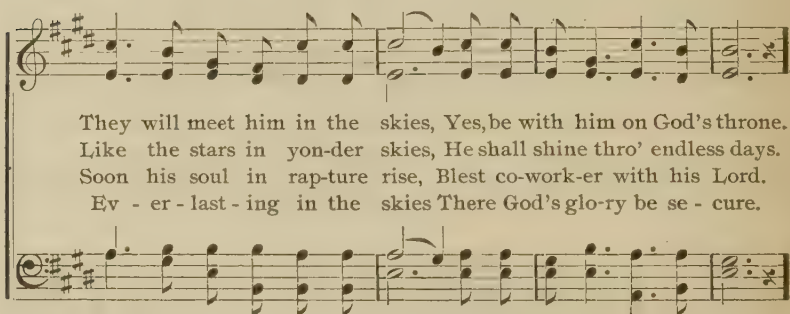
7 When I am there one look one song
While glory share around the throne,
Will wonder then when heaven see
How among men could trouble be.

28 HE THAT WINNETH SOULS IS WISE.

Words and Music by Rev. JOSEPH WARDLE, B. D.

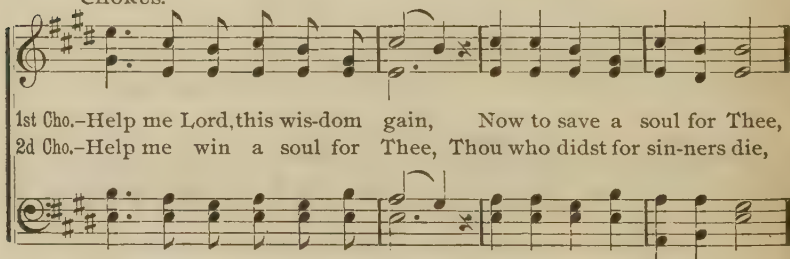


1. He that win-neth souls is wise, He that melteth hearts of stone.
 2. He that win-neth souls is wise, For his work the Lord shall praise;
 3. He that win-neth souls is wise, For so reads the writ-ten word,
 4. He that win-neth souls is wise, For his work it shall en-dure,

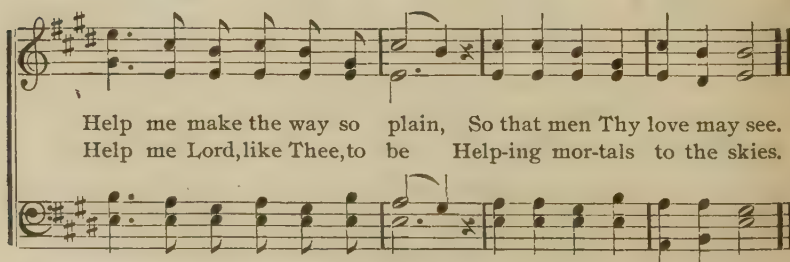


They will meet him in the skies, Yes, be with him on God's throne.
 Like the stars in yon-der skies, He shall shine thro' endless days.
 Soon his soul in rap-ture rise, Blest co-work-er with his Lord.
 Ev - er - last - ing in the skies There God's glo-ry be se - cure.

CHORUS.



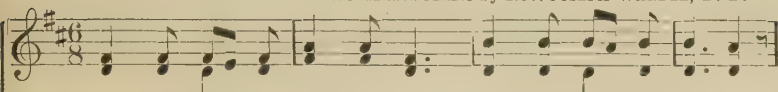
1st Cho.-Help me Lord, this wis-dom gain, Now to save a soul for Thee,
 2d Cho.-Help me win a soul for Thee, Thou who didst for sin-ners die,



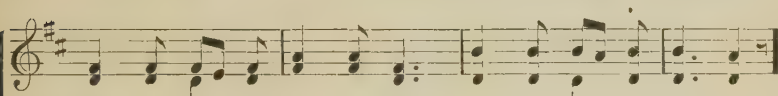
Help me make the way so plain, So that men Thy love may see.
 Help me Lord, like Thee, to be Helping mor-tals to the skies.

EVERY CROSS ON WHICH I GROAN. 29

Words and Music by REV. JOSEPH WARDLE, B. D.



1. Ev - 'ry cross on which I groan Makes me more like Je - sus;
2. Ev - 'ry gar - den where I cry Makes me more like Je - sus;
3. Ev - 'ry bur - den that I bear Makes me more like Je - sus;
4. Ev - 'ry gale in which I'm blown Makes me more like Je - sus;
5. All, yes, all in earth or sky Makes me more like Je - sus;



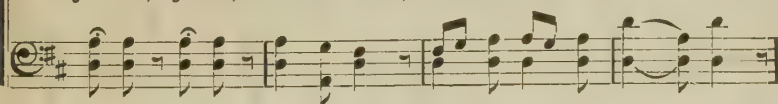
When I look to Him a - lone, Makes me more like Je - sus.
 Lifts my soul to God on high, Makes me more like Je - sus.
 Helps me for my broth - er care, Makes me more like Je - sus.
 Blows me to the great white throne Makes me more like Je - sus.
 When for Him I live or die, Makes me more like Je - sus.



CHORUS.



Je - sus, Je - sus, More like Thee, Makes me more like Je - sus;

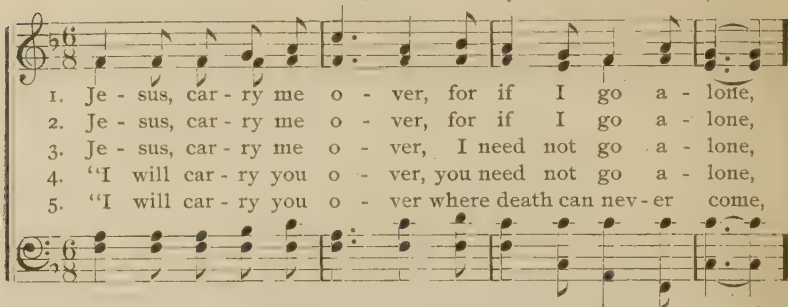


Thou art ev - 'ry - thing to me, Makes me more like Je - sus.

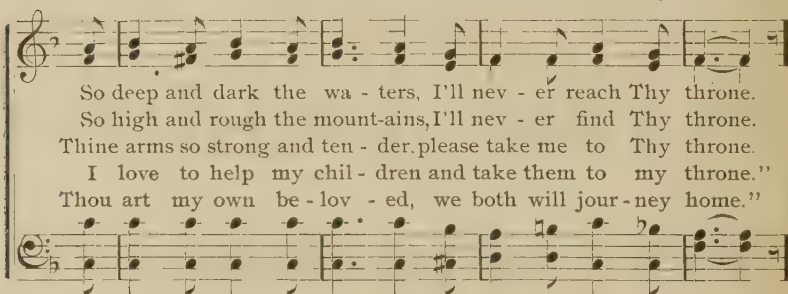


JESUS, CARRY ME OVER.

Words and Music by REV. JOSEPH WARDLE, B. D.

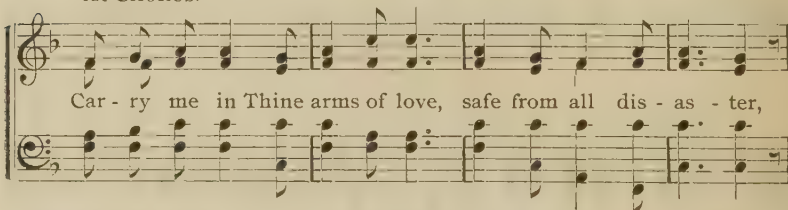


1. Je - sus, car - ry me o - ver, for if I go a - lone,
 2. Je - sus, car - ry me o - ver, for if I go a - lone,
 3. Je - sus, car - ry me o - ver, I need not go a - lone,
 4. "I will car - ry you o - ver, you need not go a - lone,
 5. "I will car - ry you o - ver where death can nev - er come,

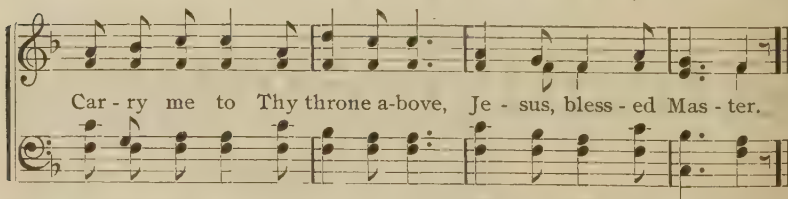


So deep and dark the wa - ters, I'll nev - er reach Thy throne.
 So high and rough the mount - ains, I'll nev - er find Thy throne.
 Thine arms so strong and ten - der, please take me to Thy throne.
 I love to help my chil - dren and take them to my throne."
 Thou art my own be - lov - ed, we both will jour - ney home."

1st CHORUS.

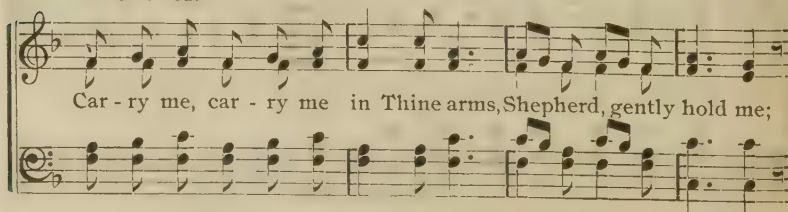


Car - ry me in Thine arms of love, safe from all dis - as - ter,



Car - ry me to Thy throne a - bove, Je - sus, bless - ed Mas - ter.

2d CHORUS.



Car - ry me, car - ry me in Thine arms, Shepherd, gently hold me;

Car - ry me, car - ry me in Thine arms, To Thy bo-som fold me.

MAKE MY HEART A GARDEN.

Words and Music by Rev. JOSEPH WARDLE, B. D.

1. Oh, take a-way the thorns that tear, The this-tles from my heart,
2. Dig out the roots of ev-'ry sin, And break up ev-'ry clod,
3. Rake up in heaps and let them burn All sin and doubt and care,
4. Then build an ar-bor bright and fair, O Lord of glo-ry, come

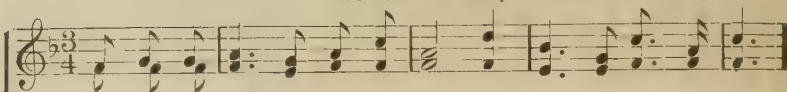
And plant the Rose of Shar-on there To bloom in ev-'ry part.
 Thy rose of love oh, plant with-in And let it bloom for God.
 My soul in-to a gar-den turn And plant Thy lil-ies there.
 And take pos-ses-sion ev-'ry-where And make my heart Thy home.

CHORUS.

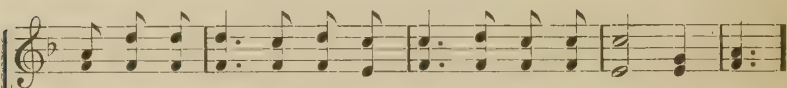
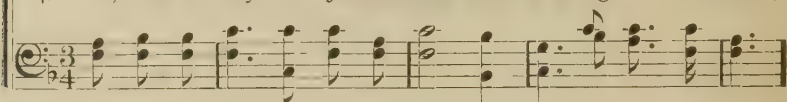
Oh, make my heart a gar-den Lord, A gar-den Lord, for Thee,

Grow-ing in faith, bloom-ing in hope Ripening in love for Thee.

Words and Music by REV. JOSEPH WARDLE, B. D.



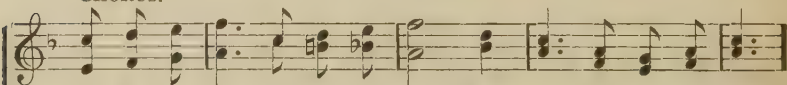
1. Yes, row a - way till Je-sus comes, Tho' rough the waves may be,
2. Yes, row a - way till Je-sus comes, Tho' dark the night may be,
3. Yes, row a - way till Je-sus comes, We are not far from shore,
4. Yes, row a - way for Je-sus comes, Now walk-ing on the waves,



Yes, row a - way when Je-sus comes, He'll calm the storm for me.
 Yes, row a - way when Je-sus comes, The sun will rise on me.
 Yes, row a - way when Je-sus comes, Our row - ing will be o'er.
 Be-hold the bless - ed Je-sus comes My soul to cheer and save.



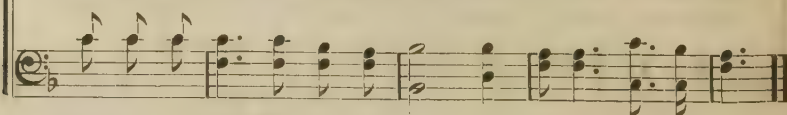
CHORUS.



Put in the oars of faith and pray'r, The Lord is draw - ing nigh,



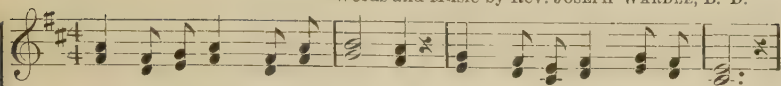
Our craft is un - der heaven's care, We're row-ing for the sky.



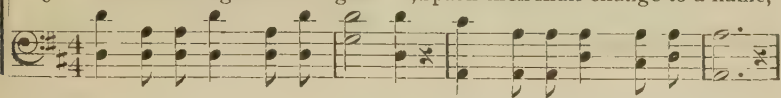
FOLLOW THE LIGHT.

33

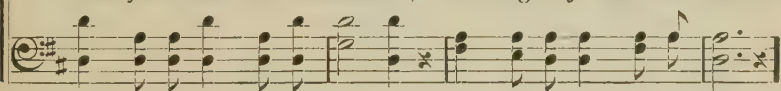
Words and Music by Rev. JOSEPH WARDLE, B. D.



1. Fol-low the light that is giv - en, Dim tho' it shined on the way,
2. Fol-low the light that is giv - en, May be a star in the sky,
3. Fol-low the light that is giv - en, May be a pil - lar of fire,
4. Fol-low the light that is giv - en, May be a cloud in the sky,
5. Fol-low the light that is giv - en, Spark then shall change to a flame,



Sent now to light thee to heav-en, Bright-er each day if you pray.
 Angels will welcome from heav-en, Near - er the man-ger draw nigh.
 Go where the rocks are all riv - en, High - er, with God go high - er.
 Soon it will lead you to heav-en, Glo - ry and God, bye and bye.
 Glo-ry will fill the whole heav-en, Trust - ing in Je - sus' dear name.



CHORUS.



Fol-low the light, fol-low the light, Follow the light that is giv - en;

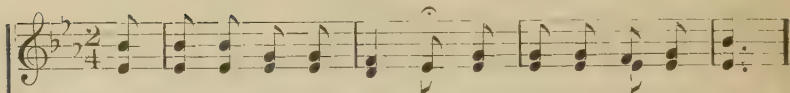


If you o - bey, If you will pray, 'Twill lead your poor soul into heaven.

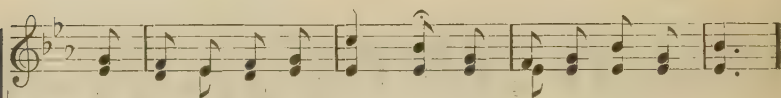
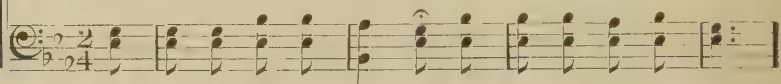


I MADE A LITTLE GARDEN.

Words and Music by REV. JOSEPH WARDLE, B. D.



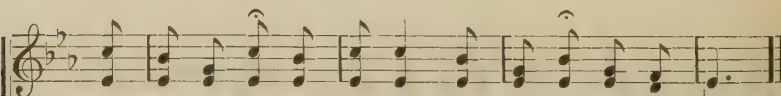
1. I made a lit - tle gar - den, I plant - ed seeds of love,
2. Each time I give a flow - er, Soon two blooms in its place,
3. It is my Mas - ter's gar - den, He gives a bud each day,



Then show'rs from clouds of mer - cy Came gen - tly from a - bove,
 They dou - ble ev - 'ry hour, So wond'rous is God's grace,
 Him - self the Rose of Shar - on, He gave Him - self a - way,



And soon I had some po - sies To give to friend and foe;
 I must en - large my gar - den I'll make it wide and long,
 I'm bloom - ing for my Mas - ter, Just like Him ev - 'ry day,



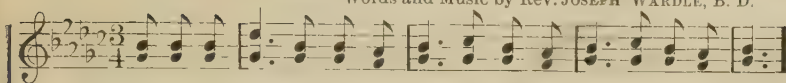
I call them heaven's ros - es For Je - sus loves us so.
 Each leaf will grow a kind - ness, Each blos - som bring a song.
 I love the Rose of Shar - on, I give my - self a - way.



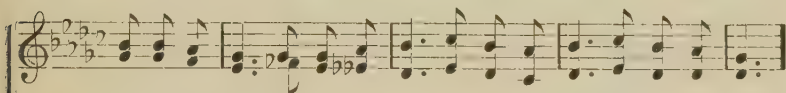
PLEASE MEND MY HARP.

35

Words and Music by REV. JOSEPH WARDLE, B. D.



1. Please mend my harp, I can-not play, I broke a string the other day;
2. My brother kissed the tears a-way, Then took my harp without delay;
3. Please mend my heart, I can-not pray, I broke a vow the oth-er day;
4. My broth-er, Je-sus, kissed a-way The tears, and then, O happy day,
5. And now I sing it ev'-ry day While chords of love I gladly play,

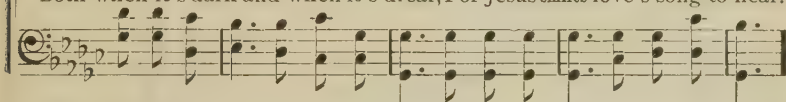


I let it fall when I was bad, And ev - er since I've been so sad.
For in his pocket found a string, Now while he smiles I play and sing.

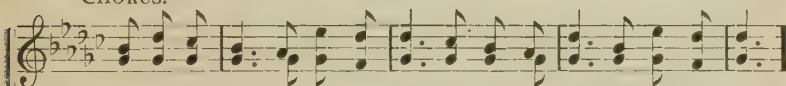
I let it fall when I was bad, And ev - er since I've been so sad.

He put a new, an heav'nly string, And now for Him I play and sing.

Both when it's dark and when it's drear, For Jesus smiles love's song to hear.



CHORUS.



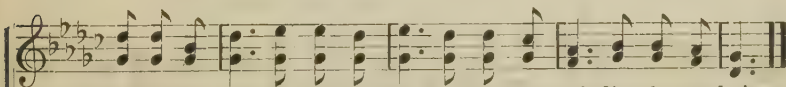
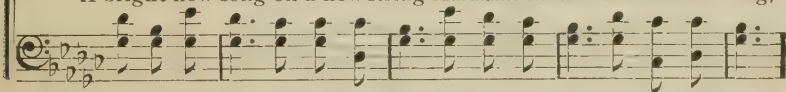
Please mend it now, the broken string, That I may gladly play and sing;

Please listen now, the new whole string, My brother's love I play and sing;

O mend it now, the broken heart, That I may play and sing my part;

O listen now the heav'nly string, For Him I glad - ly play and sing;

A bright new song on a new string That makes both earth and heav-en ring,



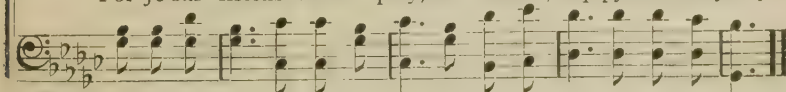
Please mend it now, the broken string, That I may gladly play and sing.

Please listen now, the new whole string, My brother's love I play and sing.

O mend it now, the broken heart, That I may play and sing my part.

O listen now the heav'nly string, For Him I glad - ly play and sing.

For Je-sus listens while I play, O bless-ed, hap-py, heav'n-ly day.



WILL YOU RIDE?

Words and Music by Rev. JOSEPH WARDLE, B. D.

1. The King in his char-i-ot was pass-ing one day, He stopped and He
 2. I long had been tramping 'mid dust and 'mid pain, The prize of yon
 3. So when He in-vit-ed I glad-ly stepped in, And now it seems
 4. We'll soon reach the riv-er the flood will di-vide, There can be no

asked was I go-ing His way? He kind-ly in-vit-ed me,
 heav-en seemed so hard to gain, The road was so drear-y, foot-
 ea-sy yon heav-en to win; His arm is a-round me, His
 riv-er where Je-sus does ride, Up ev-er-green hills, and a-

"Step in and ride," And moved to make room for a seat by His side.
 sore and a-lone I oft-en had doubt-ings of reach-ing the throne.
 love in my soul. Now glo-ry on glo-ry as home-ward we roll.
 long gold-en street, We'll stop at the pal-ace and loved ones there meet.

CHORUS.

Oh, who would not ride with the great King of heav'n, When-ev-er the

privilege to him God has giv'n? Oh, who would not go, if he

Will You Ride?

37

must go a-lone, To ride with the Lord to His dazzling white throne?

IT IS NOT FAR TO HEAVEN.

Words and Music by REV. JOSEPH WARDLE, B. D.

1. It is not far to heav-en, Just thro' an o - pen door,
 2. It is not far to heav-en, Just thro' a cur - tain thin,
 3. It is not far to heav-en, We are not here a - lone,
 4. It is not far to heav-en, Just up a wind - ing stair,

We step a - cross the threshold, Then joy for - ev - er-more.
 We push one side the hangings, Then glad - ly en - ter in.
 I oft - en feel a rap-ture, I must be near a throne.
 One step be-yond our cof - fin,—Lo! God and friends are there,

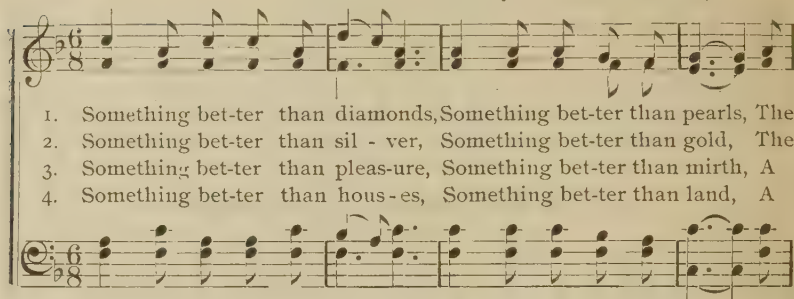
CHORUS.

I mean the wondrous heav-en, Where sor-rows nev - er come;

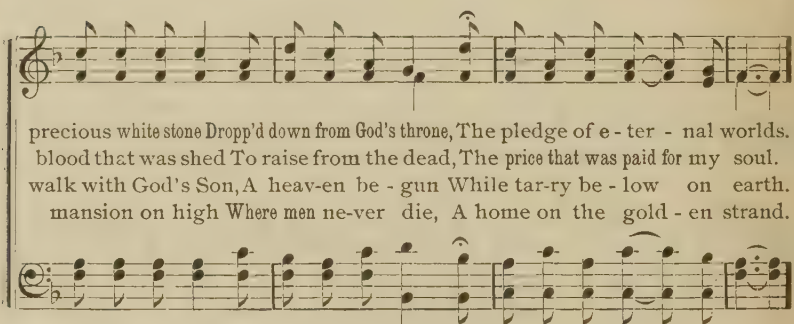
Where crowns and thrones are giv-en, My ev - er last - ing home.

38 SOMETHING BETTER THAN DIAMONDS.

Words and Music by REV. JOSEPH WARDLE, B. D.

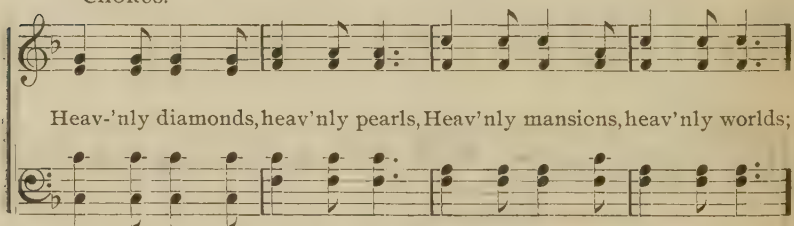


1. Something bet-ter than diamonds, Something bet-ter than pearls, The
 2. Something bet-ter than sil - ver, Something bet-ter than gold, The
 3. Something bet-ter than pleas-ure, Something bet-ter than mirth, A
 4. Something bet-ter than hous-es, Something bet-ter than land, A

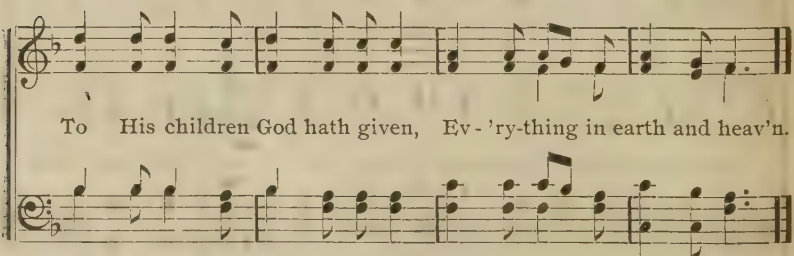


precious white stone Dropp'd down from God's throne, The pledge of e - ter - nal worlds.
 blood that was shed To raise from the dead, The price that was paid for my soul.
 walk with God's Son, A heav-en be - gun While tar-ry be - low on earth.
 mansion on high Where men ne-ver die, A home on the gold - en strand.

CHORUS.



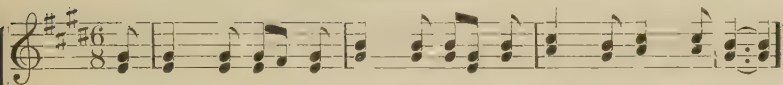
Heav-'nly diamonds, heav'nly pearls, Heav'nly mansions, heav'nly worlds;



To His children God hath given, Ev - 'ry-thing in earth and heav'n.

I'VE ROLLED MY BURDEN ON THE LORD. 39

Words and Music by Rev. JOSEPH WARDLE, B. D.



1. I've rolled my bur-den on the Lord, It was at His re-quest,
2. I've put my friends all in His care, And love them all the more,
3. He does not let me grope my way 'Mid darkness and 'mid fear,
4. My fu-ture all is in His hand, For Him I'll sing or groan,



And now I feast at heav-en's board, And rest on Je - sus' breast.
For all their sor-rows He will bear, And bring to heaven's shore.
'Tis light and joy, a bless - ed day, For He him-self is here.
He'll bring me to His Fa-ther's land, And place me on His throne.



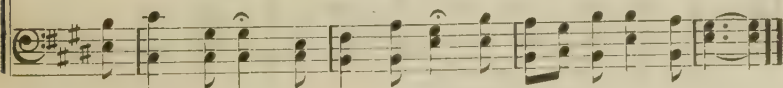
CHORUS.



De - light, delight, with-out al-loy, My heav-en is be-gun,



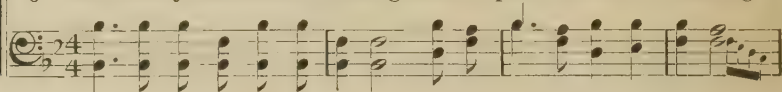
I'm tast - ing ev - er - last-ing joy, I feast with God's own Son.



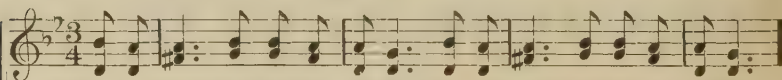
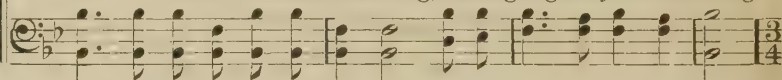
Words and Music by REV. JOSEPH WARDLE, B. D.



1. When of Je-sus I am thinking, Seems my soul of heav'n is drinking,
2. When to Je-sus I am pray-ing, And e - ter-nal things am weighing,
3. When of Je-sus I am sing-ing, Hear the bells of heav'n then ringing,
4. When to Je-sus I am talk-ing, And a-round the cross am walking,
5. When on Je-sus I'm be-liev-ing, And the pow'r of God re - ceiv-ing.



In - to God my soul seems sinking, In-to ev - er-last-ing love.
 Then I hear the Mas-ter say - ing: "Go in peace and sin no more."
 Chor-us angels earthward winging, Hal-le - lu - jahs fill the sky.
 When my soul has ceased its balking, Je-sus tells me of His love.
 Then I feel the mountains heaving, Making highways for our King.



Then the world seems falling, falling, Then the flesh has ceased its crawling,
 Then the crowd no longer cheering, Fear of man no longer fear-ing,
 Then I hear no pride's strings twanging, Then sin's drums soon cease their banging,
 Then I hear no scep-tic's prating, Then no brawler heav'n berating,
 Then the owls have ceased their screeching, And the serpents their beseeching,

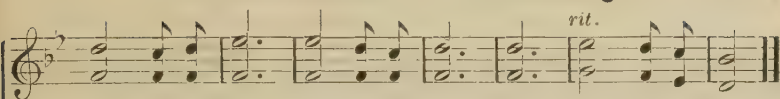


CHORUS.

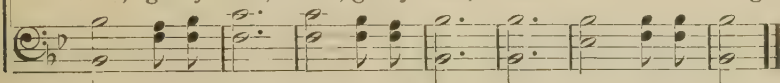


Dev - ils then have stopped their call - ing, Heav'n is here,
 Then, temp - ta - tions dis - ap - pear - ing, I shall live,
 Then lust's cym - bals cease their clang - ing, Heav'n has come,
 Then no fools his doubts all stat - ing, Je - sus tells,
 While our God His arm out - stretch - ing, Glo - ry then,



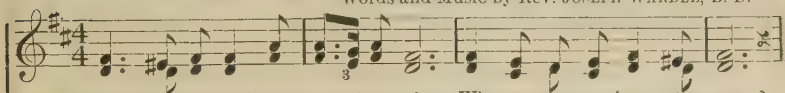


here, heav'n is here, here, heav'n is here, here, come from a - bove.
 live, I shall live, live, I shall live, live for - ev - er - more.
 come, heav'n has come, come, heav'n has come, come so ver - y nigh.
 tells, Je - sus tells, tells, Je - sus tells, tells, tells of His love.
 then, glo - ry then, then, glo - ry then, then to God we bring.

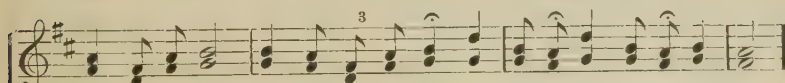
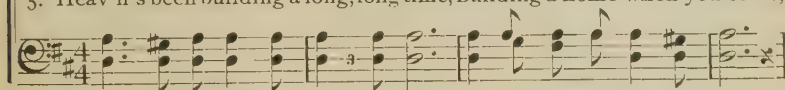


HEAVEN'S BEEN WAITING.

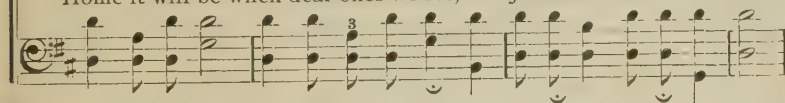
Words and Music by Rev. JOSEPH WARDLE, B. D.



1. Heav'n's been waiting a long, long time, When are you go - ing to come?
2. Heav'n's been looking a long, long time, Looking for you all to come,
3. Heav'n's been calling a long, long time, Calling, O hear them cry come,
4. Heav'n's been sending a long, long time, Sending its welcome to come,
5. Heav'n's been building a long, long time, Building a home when you come,



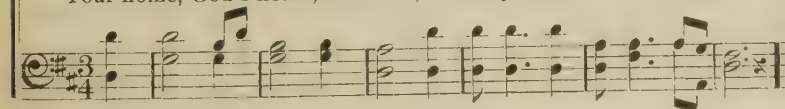
I will a-rise, now start for the skies, I'll meet you in heaven, my home.
 All cry a-rise, look up to the skies, They want you in heaven, your home.
 All who are dear now waiting to hear, O answer: "I now will start home."
 Hear it to-day now start on the way, The angels will help you on home.
 Home it will be when dear ones we see, And Je - sus and heaven and home.



CHORUS.



Your home, God's home, our home, I'll meet you in heaven, our home.



OH, ARE YOU SURE?

Words and Music by Rev. JOSEPH WARDLE, B. D.

1. Oh, are you sure you're on the way To realms of ev - er - last-ing day?
 2. Does liv-ing wa - ter sparkling rise And make your soul a Par - a - dise?
 3. Is pearl of greatest price now thine? The pure white stone with heaven's sign?
 4. Let all a song of joy be - gin, Let ev-'ry soul now en - ter in,

Oh, do you know your crown is sure? Has Je-sus made your spir-it pure?
 Does Je - sus break the bread of life? Has end-ed all the inward strife?
 Have you received God's touch of love? Now can you see the throne a-bove?
 Let God the last re-mains cast out And end the struggle with a shout.

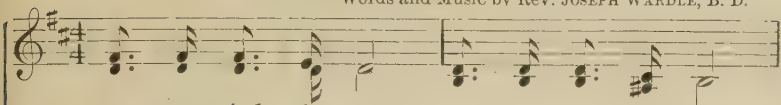
Yes, brighter, bright-er ev - 'ry day, His glo - ry shines up-on the way,
 Yes, I am conquered by His love, The bread I eat comes from above,
 The pearl of great-est price is mine, The pure white stone makes me di-vine,
 O glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah, praise, For this is one of heaven's days,

My crown I see, my God loves me This is e - ter - nal lib - er-ty.
 The ris-ing fountain, heaven's flood O'erflows my soul, I'm born of God.
 The touch of God I now re-ceive, I see the throne for I be-lieve.
 We all in Je - sus now a - gree, The Godhead sups with you and me.

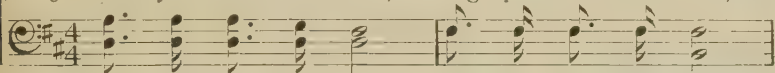
NEVER MIND THE PAST.

43

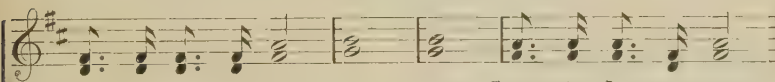
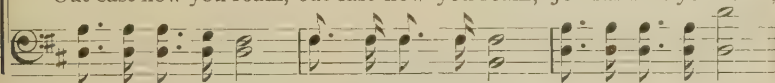
Words and Music by REV. JOSEPH WARDLE, B. D.



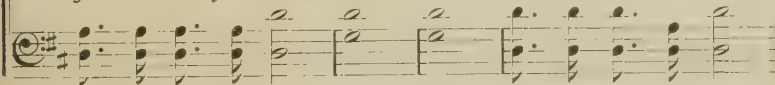
1. Nev - er mind the past, Nev - er mind the past,
2. Tho' a - mong the swine, Though a - mong the swine,
3. Tho' a - mong the tombs, Though a - mong the tombs,
4. Tho' your heart so black, Though your heart so black,
5. Tho' you have no home, Though you have no home,



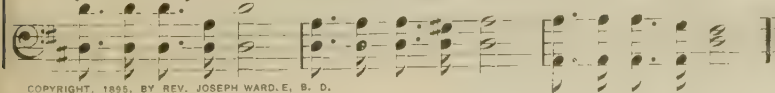
Black-est tho' it be, black-est tho' it be; Come to Je - sus now,
 Long you may have lain, long you may have lain; Heaven may be thine,
 Cut with chain and stone, cut with chain and stone; At the cross find room,
 Man will not be-lieve, man will not be-lieve; God will take you back,
 Out-cast now you roam, out-cast now you roam; Je - sus bids you come,



Come to Je - sus now, now, now, Come to Je - sus now,
 Heav - en may be thine, thine, thine, Heav - en may be thine,
 At the cross find room, room, room, At the cross find room,
 God will take you back, back, back, God will take you back,
 Je - sus bids you come, come, come, Je - sus bids you come,

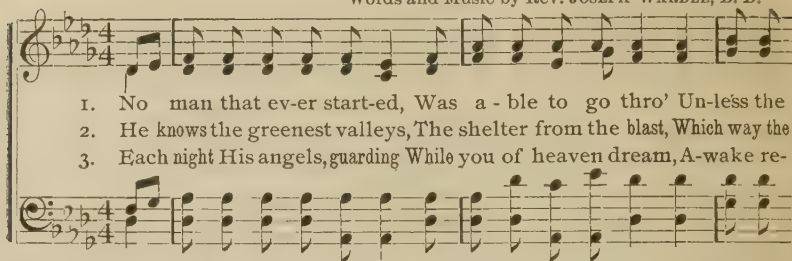


Come to Je - sus now, He will set you free, He will set you free.
 Heav-en may be thine, Fa-ther calls a-gain, Fa-ther calls a-gain.
 At the cross find room, Start for heaven's throne, Start for heaven's throne.
 God will take you back, God will you re-ceive, God will you re-ceive.
 Je-sus bids you come, God will take you home, God will take you home.

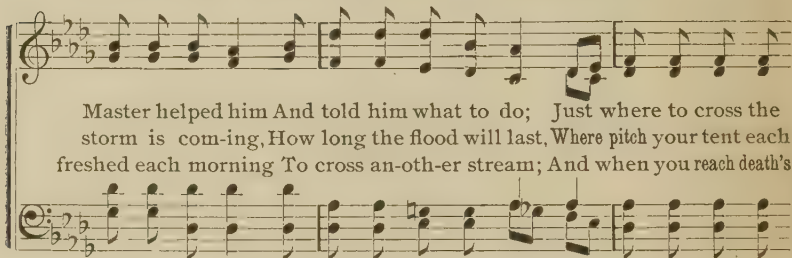


HE IS WITH ME.

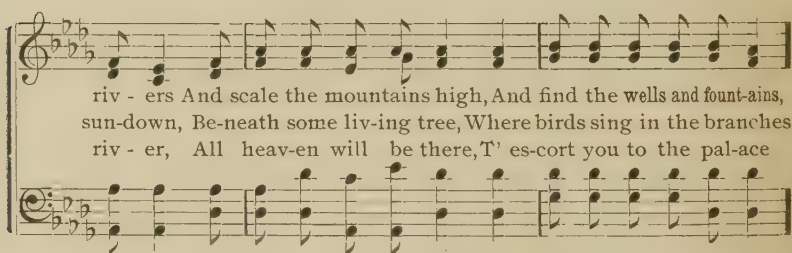
Words and Music by REV. JOSEPH WARDLE, B. D.



1. No man that ev-er start-ed, Was a - ble to go thro' Un-less the
2. He knows the greenest valleys, The shelter from the blast, Which way the
3. Each night His angels, guarding While you of heaven dream, A-wake re-

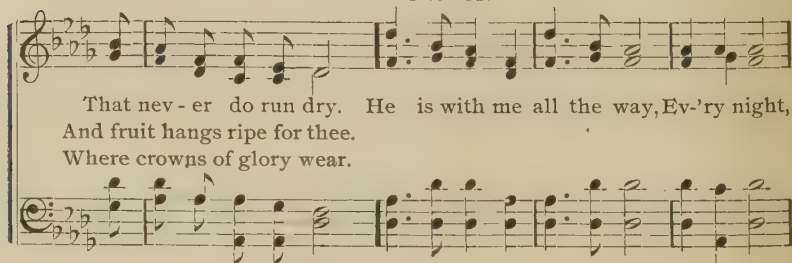


Master helped him And told him what to do; Just where to cross the
storm is com-ing, How long the flood will last, Where pitch your tent each
fresned each morning To cross an-oth-er stream; And when you reach death's

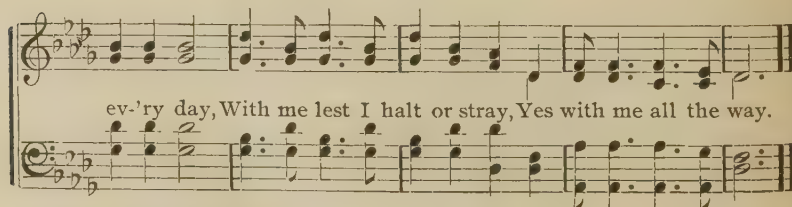


riv - ers And scale the mountains high, And find the wells and fount-ains,
sun-down, Be-neath some liv-ing tree, Where birds sing in the branches
riv - er, All heav-en will be there, T' es-cort you to the pal-ace

CHORUS.



That nev - er do run dry. He is with me all the way, Ev-'ry night,
And fruit hangs ripe for thee.
Where crowns of glory wear.

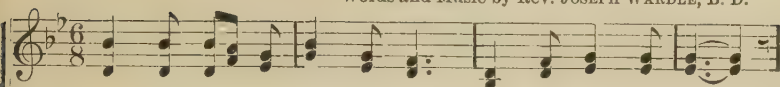


ev-'ry day, With me lest I halt or stray, Yes with me all the way.

O BEHOLD THE MORNING STAR.

45

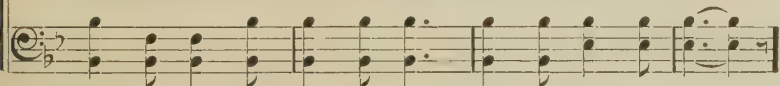
Words and Music by Rev. JOSEPH WARDLE, B. D.



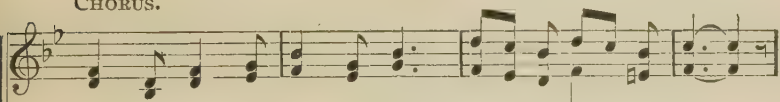
1. Oh, be - hold the morn - ing star Ris - ing 'mid our gloom,
2. Rise and robe ye for the sky, Rise and look a - round,
3. Soon the morn - ing sun ap - pears Ris - ing o'er the tomb,
4. Look, e - ter - nal day be - hold, Drop the riv - en shroud,



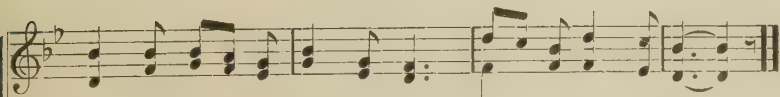
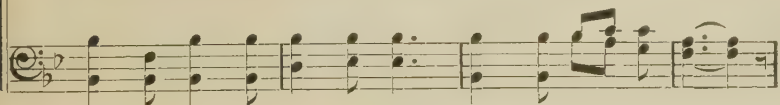
Heav - en's door has come a - jar Light - ing up the tomb,
 Love was nev - er born to die, God will see you crowned.
 Dew - drops make of all our tears, Bring - ing heav - en's bloom.
 Walk with God the streets of gold, Fare - well sin and cloud.



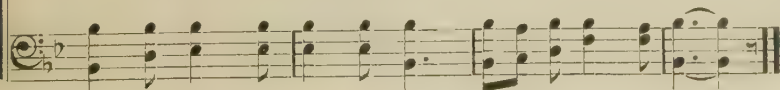
CHORUS.



Now I'm not a - fraid to die, All be - yond is bright,

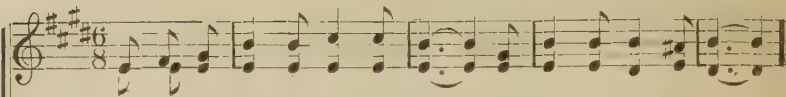


God has heard my anx - ious cry, Heav'n has come in sight.

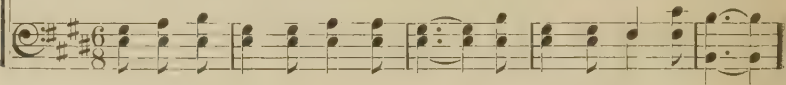


NOT TOO LATE.

Words and Music by Rev. JOSEPH WARDLE, B. D.



1. Is it too late to en - ter in? Has Je - sus shut the door?
2. Has the last train to heav-en gone? Oh, am I now too late?
3. Has all the bread been given out? Has Je - sus ceased to break?
4. Is it too late to have my name In heaven's book put down?



No, no, He hold, it o - pen wide Come in, go out no more.
 No, no, for Je - sus holds the train, He bids the an - gels wait.
 No, no, if you are hun - gry, come And with your Lord par-take.
 No, no, tho' poor and late and lame, He'll write you for to crown.



CHORUS.



O favored one, O loved of heav'n, To you this moment God has giv'n,

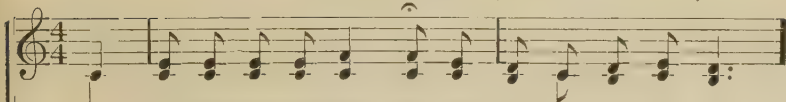


The priv - i - lege to start for heav'n, His pal-ace make your home.



THEY TOOK ME UP FOR TREASON. 47

Words and Music by Rev. JOSEPH WARDLE, B. D.



1. They took me up for trea - son A - gainst the Lord most high,
2. And then He showed a par - don Fresh from the Lord most high,
3. My free - dom then was giv - en, My heart was then set free,



They put me in - to pris - on To bring me out to die,
'Twas writ - ten in a gar - den, And now I need not die,
They wrote my name in heav - en, Come, go a - long with me,



But Je - sus came to see me, He found me in my cell,
I'm sor - ry for my trea - son I'm sor - ry for my sin,
The past is all for - giv - en, The pres - ent all is love,



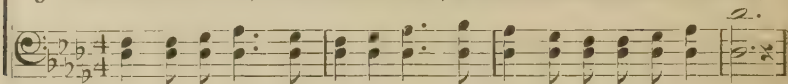
He said He came to free me And all things would be well.
He died and that's the rea - son That Je - sus en - tered in.
The fu - ture all is heav - en With God and friends a bove.



Words and Music by REV. JOSEPH WARDLE, B. D.



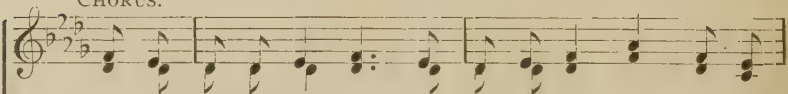
1. What would you give for just one word From dear ones that bid you good bye?
2. What would you give for just one walk With dear ones that bid you good bye?
3. Soon we shall see, we soon shall walk, With dear ones soon ca-ressed will be,



What would you give if now you heard A whisper from those in the sky?
 What would you give one lit - tle talk With those that now dwell in the sky?
 With friends and God shall have our talk As walk with God by Jasper sea.



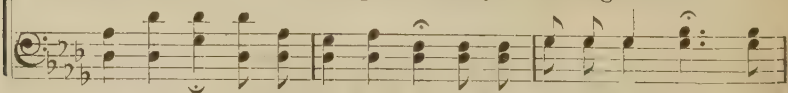
CHORUS.



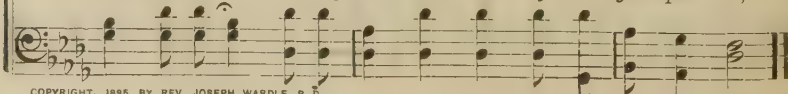
They are talk-ing with God a - bout you and me, As they



walk with God by the Jas - per sea; They are talking with God a -



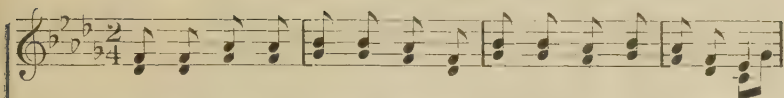
bout you and me, As they walk with God by the Jas - per sea;



THIS IS WISDOM.

49

Words and Music by Rev. JOSEPH WARDLE, B. D.



1. Ma - ny doubts I can-not ans-wer, Ma - ny things I can-not see,
2. Ma - ny riv - ers in the Bi - ble, O - ver which I dare not go,
3. Ma - ny mountains in my think-ing, No way o - ver can I see,
4. Ma - ny o - ceans in be - liev-ing Where my bark could nev-er sail,



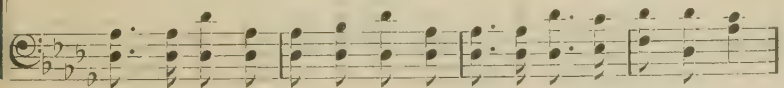
But I fell in love with Je - sus, Heav'n and joy then came to me.
 But the o - ver-flow-ing wa-ters Make my garden bloom and grow.
 But I drink the cool-ing wa - ters Flow-ing at the foot for me.
 But I pick up pearls of heav-en Washed on shore by ev-'ry gale.



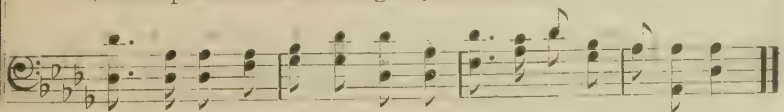
CHORUS.



This is wis-dom, this is knowledge, This is heav'n be-gun be - low

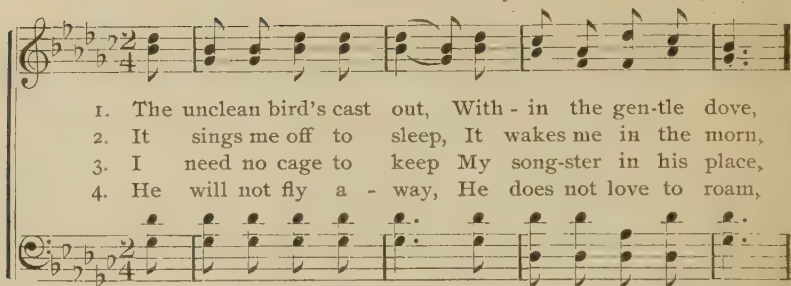


Love explains and fills with glo-ry, Love the Lord if you would know.

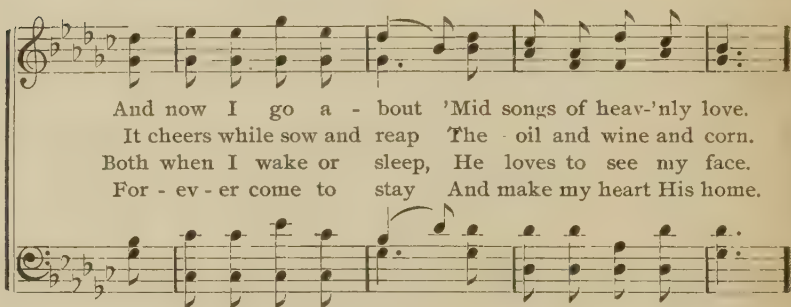


THE HEAVENLY DOVE.

Words and Music by Rev. JOSEPH WARDLE, B. D.

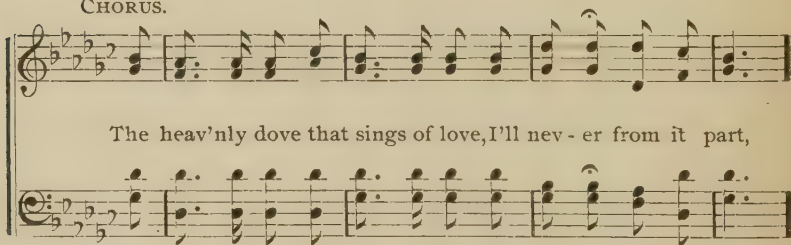


1. The unclean bird's cast out, With - in the gen - tle dove,
 2. It sings me off to sleep, It wakes me in the morn,
 3. I need no cage to keep My song - ster in his place,
 4. He will not fly a - way, He does not love to roam,

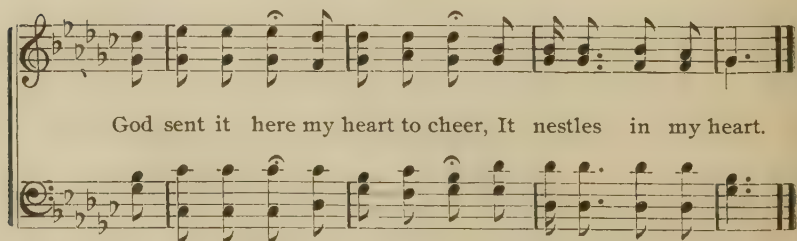


And now I go a - bout 'Mid songs of heav - nly love.
 It cheers while sow and reap The - oil and wine and corn.
 Both when I wake or sleep, He loves to see my face.
 For - ev - er come to stay And make my heart His home.

CHORUS.



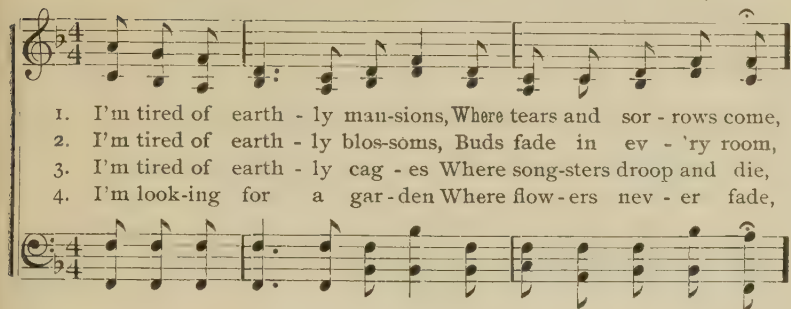
The heav'nly dove that sings of love, I'll nev - er from it part,



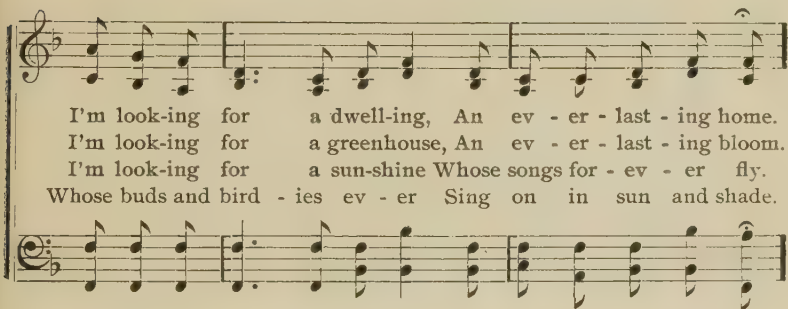
God sent it here my heart to cheer, It nestles in my heart.

I'M TIRED OF EARTHLY MANSIONS. 51

Words and Music by REV. JOSEPH WARDLE, B. D.

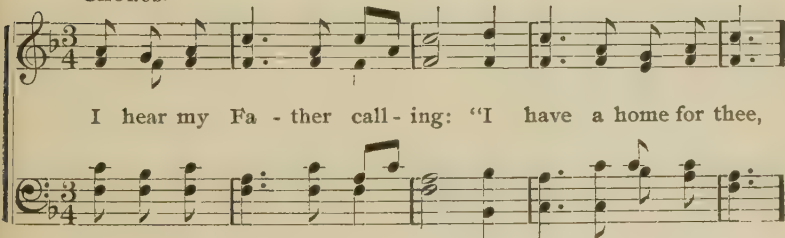


1. I'm tired of earth - ly man-sions, Where tears and sor - rows come,
 2. I'm tired of earth - ly blos-soms, Buds fade in ev - 'ry room,
 3. I'm tired of earth - ly cag - es Where song-sters droop and die,
 4. I'm look-ing for a gar-den Where flow-ers nev - er fade,

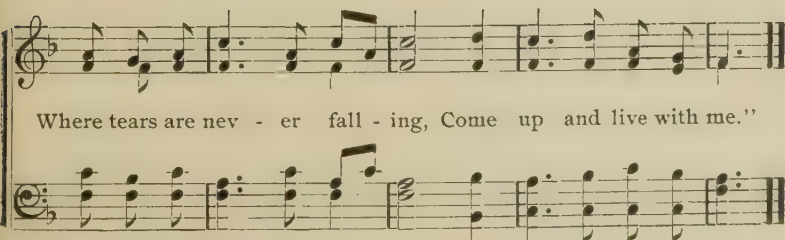


I'm look-ing for a dwell-ing, An ev - er - last - ing home.
 I'm look-ing for a greenhouse, An ev - er - last - ing bloom.
 I'm look-ing for a sun-shine Whose songs for - ev - er fly.
 Whose buds and bird - ies ev - er Sing on in sun and shade.

CHORUS.



I hear my Fa - ther call - ing: "I have a home for thee,



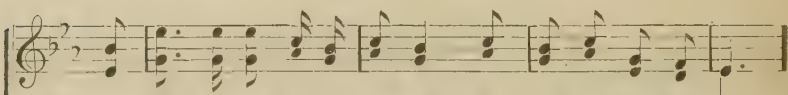
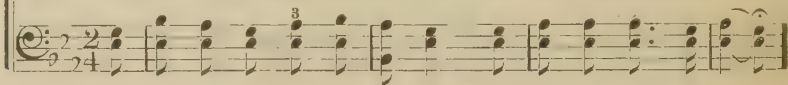
Where tears are nev - er fall - ing, Come up and live with me."

GOD IN OUR HEARTS.

Words and Music by REV. JOSEPH WARDLE, B. D.



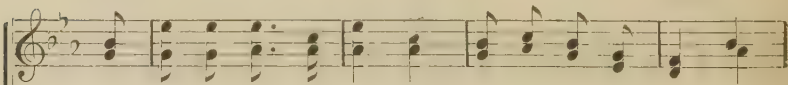
1. Some think the Lord is in heav-en, A mill-ion miles a - way,
2. Some wish they had been in E - den, The voice of God had heard,
3. Some think of love - ly dear Je - sus, In yon - der Gal - i - lee,
4. Some want to be like an an - gel, And with the an - gels sing,



But bless the Lord He is with us, Yes, in our hearts to-day.
 But bless the Lord now I hear Him So plain-ly in His word.
 But since I've been sure converted, He's keeping house for me.
 But God is now my dear Fa-ther, He is the an - gels' King.



CHORUS.



Yes, in our hearts to - day, Yes, in our hearts to - day, Ye



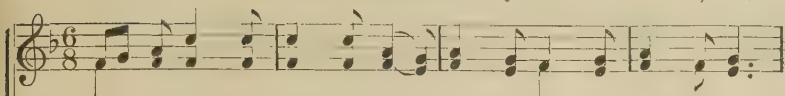
bless the Lord He is with us, Yes, in our hearts to - day.



BECAUSE I'M BORN AGAIN.

53

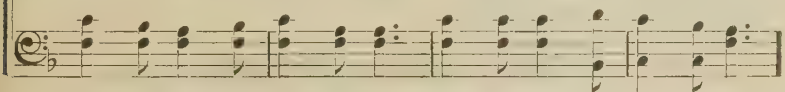
Words and Music by Rev. JOSEPH WARDLE, B. D.



1. Not because I'm rich or poor May I en - ter heaven's door,
2. Not because I'm fool or wise May I en - ter heaven's skies,
3. Not because I'm black or white Am I pleas-ing in God's sight,
4. Not because I've ease or pain May I yon - der glo - ry gain,



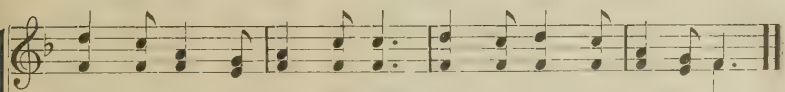
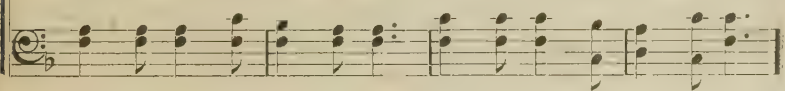
Not be-cause I'm young or old, May I walk the streets of gold.
 Not be-cause I've friends or no, May I to the pal - ace go.
 Not be-cause in tent or town Will in-sure me yon - der crown.
 Not be-cause I sing or moan May I share with God His throne.



CHORUS.



But be-cause I'm born a-gain With a life that's not from men,

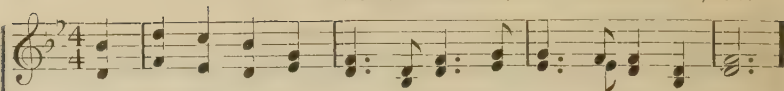


Born of God, born from a - bove, Born of ev - er - last-ing love.

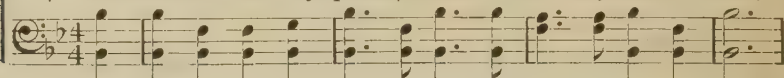


THY MANTLE.

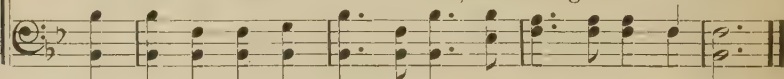
Words and Music by REV. JOSEPH WARDLE, B. D.



1. Now let Thy man-tle fall on me For I must riv - ers cross,
2. I've fol-lowed hard for Thee I love, By day and night I see,
3. I'll catch Thy mantle from Thy hand And strike the ris - ing flood,
4. And when be - fore Thy spotless throne I cast Thy man-tle down,



Bright robes in yon-der skies wait thee, But I may suf-fer loss.
 Drop down Thy man-tle from a-bove Or take me up with Thee.
 Pass o - ver in - to Beu-lah Land And dwell at home with God.
 O Thou who didst for sin a - tone, Wilt change it for a crown.



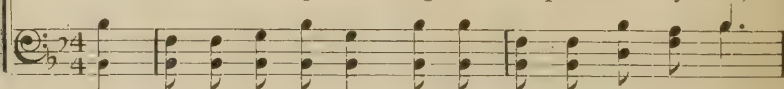
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I SEE A CLOUD ARISING.

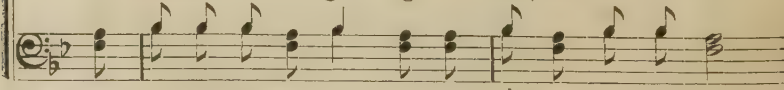
Words and Music by REV. JOSEPH WARDLE, B. D.



1. I see a cloud a - ris - ing, 'Tis spread-ing o'er the sky,
2. Let ev - 'ry soul now ris - ing, By faith look to the sky,
3. Back-slid - er, are you ris - ing, Re - mem-ber the old pow'r,
4. Come Christian heart up - ris - ing While drops of mer - cy fall,

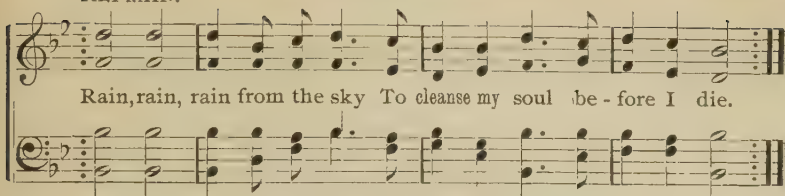


It would not be sur-pris - ing If rain was ver - y nigh.
 Be - gin your ag - o - niz - ing For sure - ly God is nigh.
 Re - turn, stop all sur - mis - ing It rains His love this hour.
 His love is en - er - giz - ing It rains, re - ceive it all.



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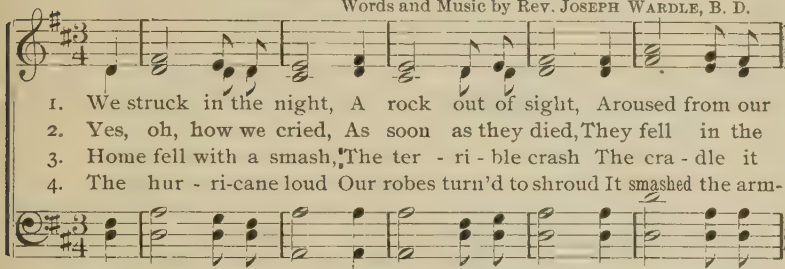
REFRAIN.



Rain, rain, rain from the sky To cleanse my soul be - fore I die.

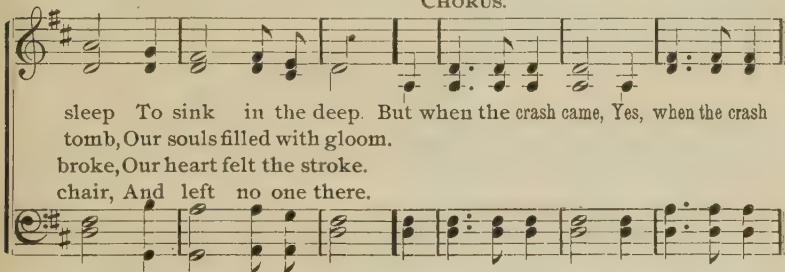
JESUS WAS THERE.

Words and Music by Rev. JOSEPH WARDLE, B. D.

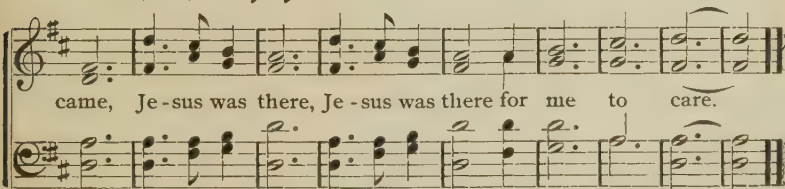


1. We struck in the night, A rock out of sight, Aroused from our
2. Yes, oh, how we cried, As soon as they died, They fell in the
3. Home fell with a smash, The ter - ri - ble crash The cra - dle it
4. The hur - ri - cane loud Our robes turn'd to shroud It smashed the arm -

CHORUS.



sleep To sink in the deep. But when the crash came, Yes, when the crash
tomb, Our souls filled with gloom.
broke, Our heart felt the stroke.
chair, And left no one there.



came, Je - sus was there, Je - sus was there for me to care.

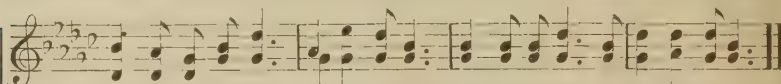
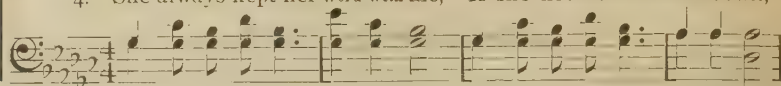
- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>5 When death struck our door,
We thought all was o'er;
It crashed down the bed
And left some for dead.</p> <p>6 The world struck the tomb,
It shivered with gloom,
Mankind at the crss
Gave all up for lost.</p> <p>7 Oh, why did it come
To break up our home?
To make our world quake,
Our universe shake?</p> | <p>8 Each rock and each night
Will change into light,
Each coffin and tomb
With glory will bloom.</p> <p>9 The dying are glad,
Earth only is sad
Each sorrow and groan,
A step to the throne.</p> <p>10 The last crash will come
To hurry us home,
With Jesus be there,
His glory to share.</p> |
|---|---|

MY LILY.

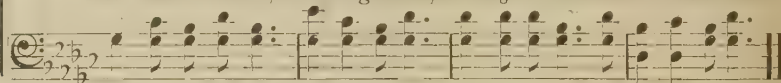
Words and Music by Rev. JOSEPH WARDLE, B. D.



1. I took a lil - y in one day Where my own lily help-less lay,
2. She took the lil-y with a smile; Yes, said she, in a lit-tle while
3. I could not check the falling tear, For well I knew could not be here;
4. She always kept her word with me, Is she not bet-ter near life's tree,



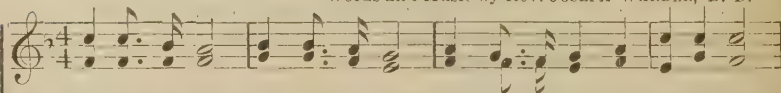
Both of the lil-ies lay to-gether White as the down on angel's feather.
 When I am bet-ter if God rather, Sweetest of bloom fr you I'll gather.
 Nev-er an angel asked my pardon, Plucked, my own lil-y from my garden.
 Near amaranthine, blooming bowers, Gath'ring for me heaven's sweetest flowers.



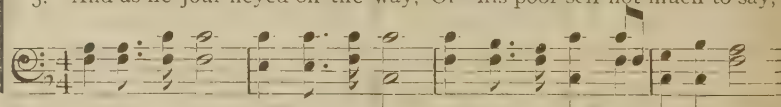
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I KNEW A MAN.

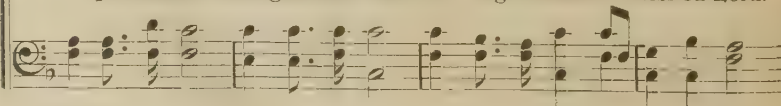
Words and Music by Rev. JOSEPH WARDLE, B. D.



1. I knew a man some years a-go, Whose soul with rapture all a - glow,
2. He felt such joys, he had such views, From off his feet remov'd his shoes.
3. Oh, yes, this man he had such views For - ev-er cured him of earth's blues;
4. He things un-ut - ter - a - ble heard For which his tongue could find no word;
5. And as he jour-neyed on the way, Of his poor self not much to say,



His eyes were opened so could see The joys that wait for you and me.
 Raptures, wonders, heav-en-ly things. He wished for trumpets and for wings.
 He caught a glimpse of heav'n one night And ev-er af-ter walk'd 'mid light.
 He could not tell if in or out The bod-y while the an-gels shout.
 But quot-ed oft the glorious word And mag-ni-fied the bless-ed Lord.



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CHORUS.

Oh, give me such a view of God To animate this worthless clog,
 Oh, give me eyes so I can see The heav'n that waits for (Omit.) you and me.

FRET NOT THYSELF.

Words and Music by REV. JOSEPH WARDLE, B. D.

1. Fret not thy - self be-cause of e - vil do - ers If you
 2. Think not all build - ing the tow - er of Ba - bel, Are de -
 3. Some in the ar - my of sin and of sor - row, In their
 4. Ma - ny a hard and we think e - vil do - er, Is so

CHO.—Nev - er a - ven - gers, we're not e - ven hat - ers, We will

do, then your heart it must break; Think now yourself the world
 fy - ing the God of the skies, Captives compelled, to re -
 hearts are not hat - ing the Lord, Se - cret - ly planning, they
 sick of his sin and his loss, Now would be - gin if he

wait till the Judge all shall call, We are love's serv - ants, yes,

D. C. Chorus.

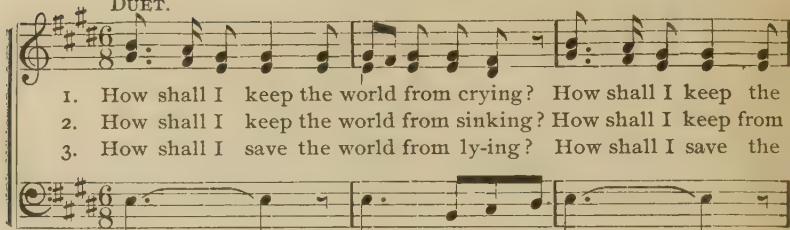
how it al - lures, Then you'll love them for Jesus' dear sake.
 sist are un - a - ble, Sure - ly God He will hear all their cries.
 hope ere to - mor - row To de - sert and will fol - low Cod's word.
 on - ly was sure He was a - ble to reach the dear cross.

mer - cy's glad wait - ers, For our God He is all, and in all.

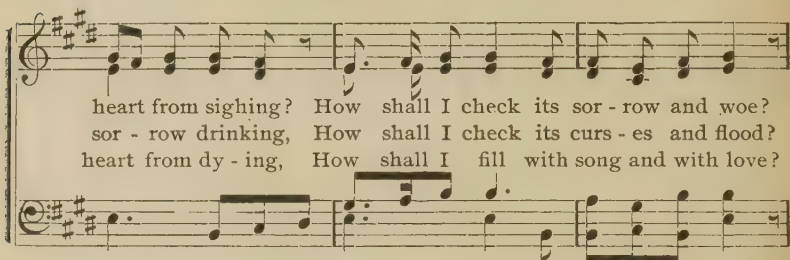
SHOW THEM THE CROSS.

Words and Music by Rev. JOSEPH WARDLE, B. D.

DUET.

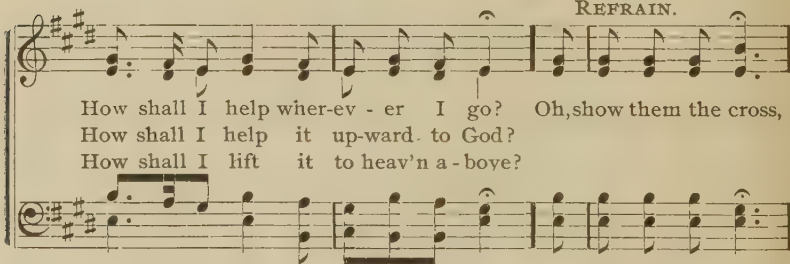


1. How shall I keep the world from crying? How shall I keep the
 2. How shall I keep the world from sinking? How shall I keep from
 3. How shall I save the world from ly-ing? How shall I save the

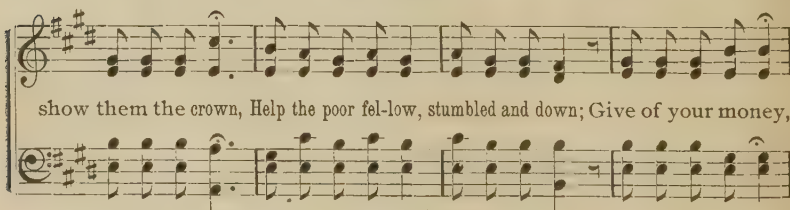


heart from sighing? How shall I check its sor - row and woe?
 sor - row drinking, How shall I check its curs - es and flood?
 heart from dy - ing, How shall I fill with song and with love?

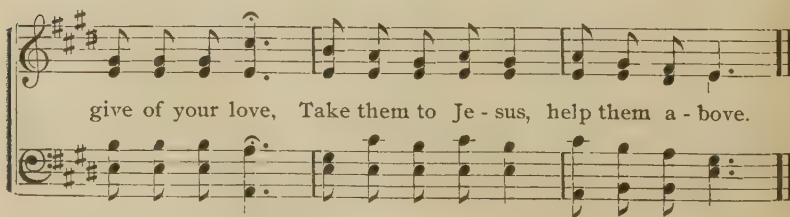
REFRAIN.



How shall I help wher-ev - er I go? Oh, show them the cross,
 How shall I help it up-ward to God?
 How shall I lift it to heav'n a - boye?



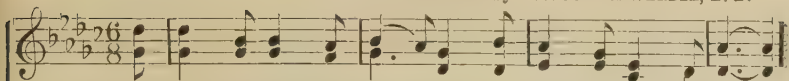
show them the crown, Help the poor fel-low, stumbled and down; Give of your money,



give of your love, Take them to Je - sus, help them a - bove.

MY LAMP IS TRIMMED AND BURNING. 59

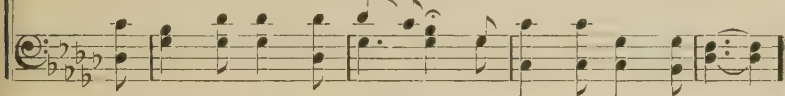
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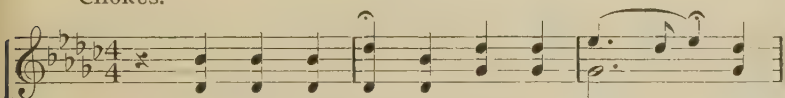
1. My lamp is trimmed and burn-ing, 'Twas light-ed by the Lord,
2. Its flame is white and stead-y, It's point-ing to the sky,
3. I'm read-ing his love let - ter He dai - ly sends to me,



With ol - ive oil each morn-ing I fill it from God's word.
I'm get - ting all things read - y, The Bridegroom's drawing nigh.
He's bro - ken ev - 'ry fet - ter, His face I soon shall see.



CHORUS.



The Bridegroom's lamp, the Bridegroom's oil, He's



com - ing soon, then ends my toil, I'll keep it burn - ing



rit.

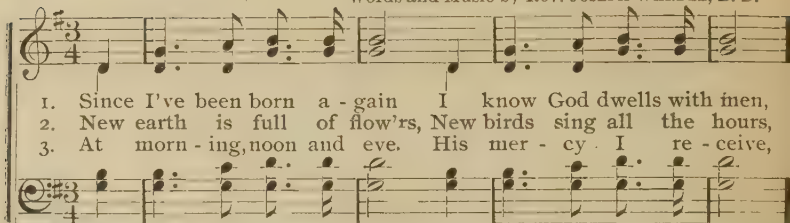


for His sake, Till heav'n's e - ter - nal morn shall break.

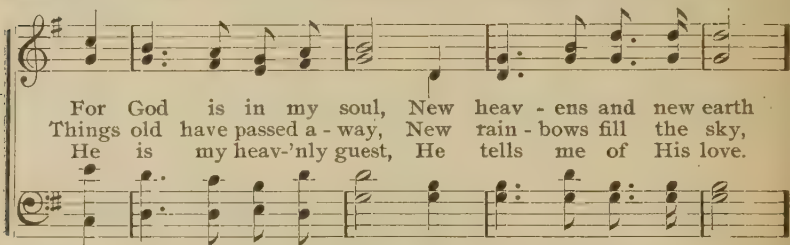


SINCE I'VE BEEN BORN AGAIN.

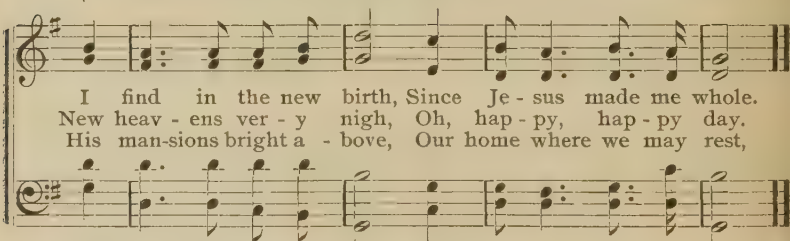
Words and Music by Rev. JOSEPH WARDLE, B. D.



1. Since I've been born a - gain I know God dwells with men,
 2. New earth is full of flow'rs, New birds sing all the hours,
 3. At morn - ing, noon and eve. His mer - cy I re - ceive,



For God is in my soul, New heav - ens and new earth
 Things old have passed a - way, New rain - bows fill the sky,
 He is my heav'nly guest, He tells me of His love.

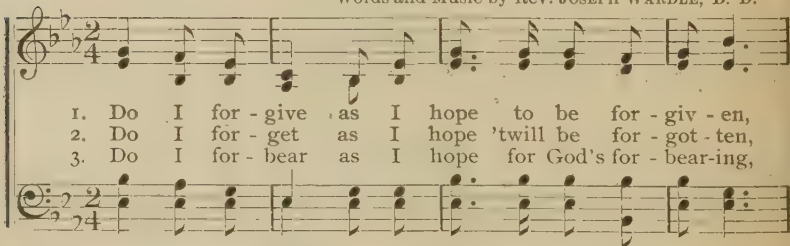


I find in the new birth, Since Je - sus made me whole.
 New heav - ens ver - y nigh, Oh, hap - py, hap - py day.
 His man - sions bright a - bove, Our home where we may rest,

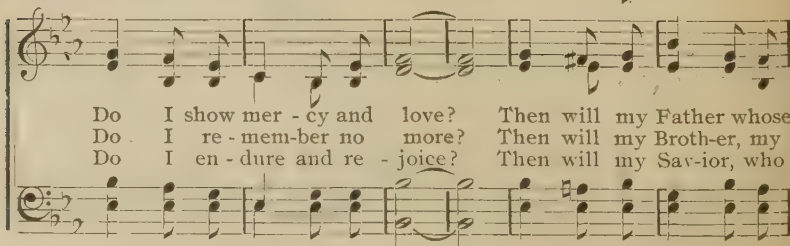
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DO I FORGIVE?

Words and Music by Rev. JOSEPH WARDLE, B. D.



1. Do I for - give as I hope to be for - giv - en,
 2. Do I for - get as I hope 'twill be for - got - ten,
 3. Do I for - bear as I hope for God's for - bear - ing,



Do I show mer - cy and love? Then will my Father whose
 Do I re - mem - ber no more? Then will my Broth - er, my
 Do I en - dure and re - joice? Then will my Sav - ior, who

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home is in yon heav-en, Free-ly for-give from a-bove.
 judge be-fore all heav-en, Kind-ly for-get ev-er-more.
 pleads for me in heav-en, Speak with His lov-ing dear voice.

ANY MAN NOW WISHING GLORY.

Words and Music by Rev. JOSEPH WARDLE, B. D.

SOLO.

1. A - ny man now wishing glo-ry, He can have it here be-low,
 2. A - ny man now seeking wis-dom. Let him sit at Je-sus' feet,
 3. A - ny one now wishing rap-ture, Let him pray till an-gels come,

Just be-lieve the gos-pel sto-ry, Glo-ry will his soul o'er-flow.
 En-ter in-to a new kingdom, Sat-is-faction be com-plete.
 Then the prize his heart may capture, He can praise while journey home.

CHORUS.

I be-lieve it, I be-lieve it, This is heaven's plan for me;

I re-ceive it, I re-ceive it, Now I have the vic-to-ry.

WHAT WILL WE IN HEAVEN SING?

Words and Music by Rev. JOSEPH WARDLE, B. D.

1. What will we in heav-en sing: Hal - le, hal - le - lu - jah;
 2. What will we in heav-en see: Je - sus, hal - le - lu - jah;
 3. What will we in heav-en do: Praise Him, hal - le - lu - jah;

Here be - gin to make it ring, Hal - le, hal - le - lu - jah.
 Yes, He now is here with me, Je - sus, hal - le - lu - jah.
 Some bright glo-ry ev - er new, Hal - le, hal - le - lu - jah.

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TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

Words and Music by Rev. JOSEPH WARDLE, B. D.

1. Too good to be true, oh, how can it be, My Lord, can a
 2. E - gyp-tian be saved just out of the flood, Now shouting with
 3. A soul fresh from Sodom 'scaped from the flame In A - bra-ham's
 4. A beg-gar from dogs and crumbs all a - lone, Es - cort - ed by
 5. A soul that was dead, from cof-fins and shrouds A - ris - ing with

CHORUS.

sin - ner be ev - er like Thee? Yes, yes, come and see, come un-to
 Mo - ses and wor-ship-ing God?
 tent door now praising God's name?
 an - gels, his home on a throne?
 joy, meet-ing God in the clouds?

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me, Come on land or come on sea, Come ye ransomed, come to me.

The musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is written in a simple, accessible style with many eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

LORD, TAKE ME UP.

Words and Music by REV. JOSEPH WARDLE, B. D.

1. Lord, take me up some mountain high, Un-cov-er Thou the glorious sky,
2. Per - haps up-on some island drear, Where sky is high, and bright, and clear,
3. Or on some cross in gar-den fair, Shut in with God, my heart laid bare.

The musical notation is in 6/8 time. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one flat. The melody is written in a simple, accessible style with many eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Then when with Thee I'm all a-lone, O rend the veil that hides the throne.
There let me hear when earth is calm The song of Mo-ses and the Lamb.
And tho' I sweat or bleed or groan, Show me the rainbow round the throne.

The musical notation continues on a new system with a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one flat. The melody is written in a simple, accessible style with many eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

CHORUS.

O give me such a view as this, Lift up my soul to heaven's bliss,

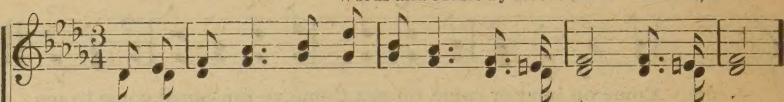
The musical notation continues on a new system with a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one flat. The melody is written in a simple, accessible style with many eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Then from the mount come down with me And help me Lord, to work for Thee.

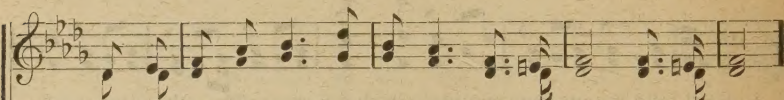
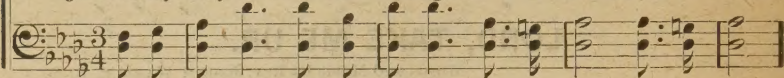
The musical notation continues on a new system with a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one flat. The melody is written in a simple, accessible style with many eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

IN THE DESERT.

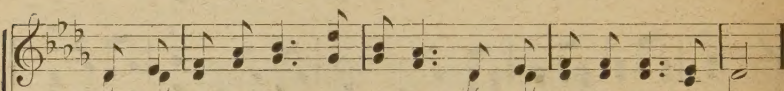
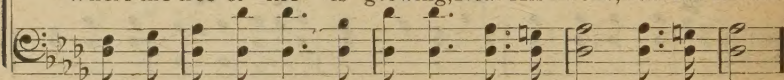
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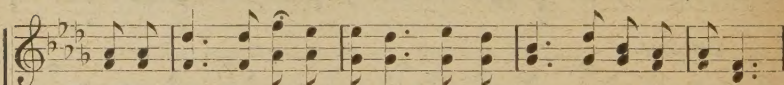
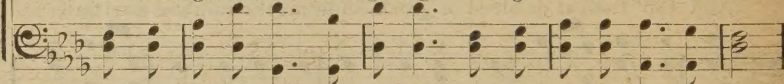
1. In the des-ert I was cry-ing, All a-lone, all a-lone;
2. Now has end-ed all my sigh-ing, Not a-lone, not a-lone;
3. On my way to fount-ains flow-ing, Near His throne, near His throne;



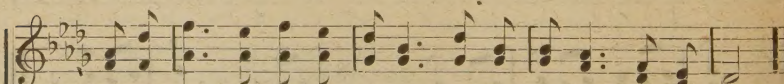
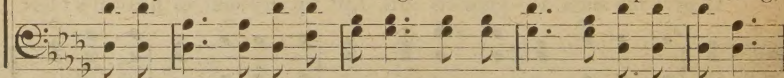
On the burn-ing sand was ly-ing, All a-lone, all a-lone;
 Je-sus all my wants sup-ply-ing, Not a-lone, not a-lone;
 Where the tree of life is grow-ing, Near His throne, near His throne.



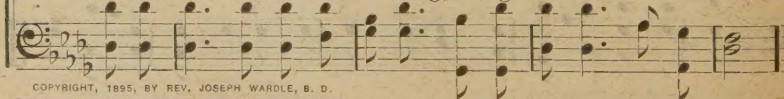
Then I tho't that I was dy-ing In the des-ert all a-lone.
 Now I'm not a-fraid of dy-ing In the des-ert all a-lone.
 To God's garden I am go-ing, Go-ing with Him to His throne.



Then the Sav-ior heard my cry-ing, From His throne came quick-ly fly-ing,
 Hal-le-lu-jah I am sing-ing, Mercy's bells around me ring-ing.
 There my treas-ures I am send-ing, Thith-er-ward our steps are tend-ing,



On His bo-som now I'm ly-ing, Going with Him to His throne.
 While to Christ my soul is cling-ing, Going with Him to His throne.
 While a-bove God's rain-bow bend-ing, Going with Him to His throne.



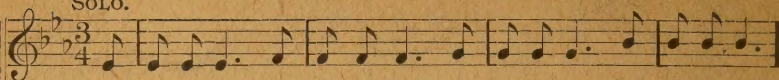
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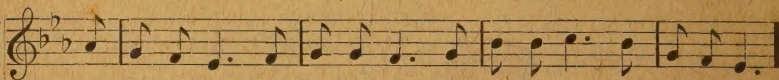
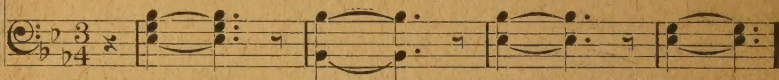
WHY I SING.

Words and Music by Rev. JOSEPH WARDLE, B. D.

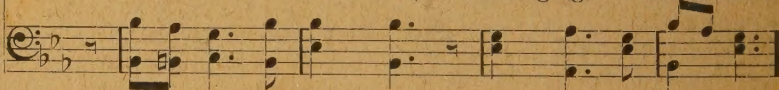
SOLO.



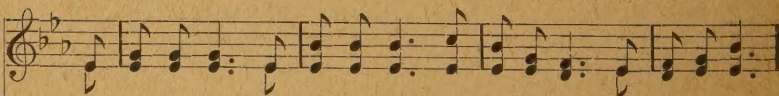
1. I do not sing be-cause I know Just how each note should always go,
2. It may be sometimes I'm too slow Perhaps a half a note too low,
3. Sometimes it's harsh and trembles too And hardly know if can get thro'
4. I'm learning how, of corse must drill But when my Lord my heart does fill;
5. I'll do my best with notes and keys But I must sing, my God must please.
6. Then let us strike redemption's note And upward to the throne 'twill float



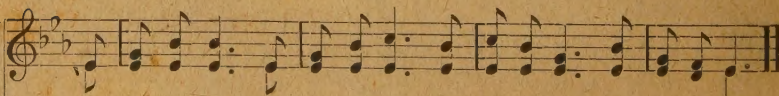
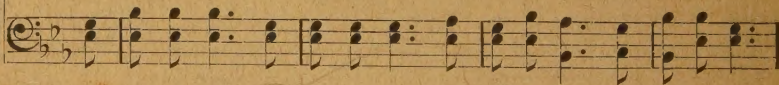
I sing tho' voice be weak and poor, Because my heav-en is se-cure.
 May sound to you like cry or moan, But hope will reach the great white throne.
 The friends may look and laugh or frown, But I am sing-ing for a crown.
 He does not think I'm out of tune, I'll sing, I hope, in heaven soon.
 Perhaps when cured of earth's bad cold, Will sing all right on streets of gold.
 And all our discord drowned in love, Yea, all sing right in heav'n above.



CHORUS.



For God is King and heav'n's my home And I must sing while here I roam;



My tune is hope, my song is love, I hope to sing with you a-bove.

